

The Reader Magazine

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No. 4

Writers and Readers

Illustrated Notes of Authors, Books and the Drama

IN the hunt for book titles it is astonishing that more duplications, or, to borrow from the Greek grammar, reduplications do not occur than is actually the case. We are all familiar with the publishers' entertaining tales of Mr. So-and-So's futile efforts to find an unappropriated name for his "thrilling" story, although we may smile at his efforts to advertise the book in this manner. What would we say, however, were we to be informed that no less an author than Sir Gilbert Parker had appropriated unchanged, and of course unknowingly, the title of one of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's stories for his latest and most popular novel? Yet such is the case, and "The Right of Way" is the novel in question. A decade or more ago, Mr. Davis wrote and published a story by this name, and it is included in the collection of his short stories published by Harper & Brothers. Few people, it may be, read the story nowadays, but there it is, and it would seem that Mr. Davis had the right of way.

An even more striking example of identity of title occurs in the collection

of children's stories by Mrs. Molesworth, published by the Macmillan Company under the name "Tell Me a Story and Other Stories." The second story in the volume bears the unusual polyglot title "Herr Baby." Unfortunately this same name had already been used for a story by the German author, Mite Kremnitz, who has written extensively in collaboration with Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania. Frau Kremnitz's story, which covers only forty pages, was published only in pamphlet, although deserving of preservation in more permanent form. She is best known by her novel, "Ausgewanderte," which gives a striking picture of Roumania, where the author's husband was for many years court physician. Certainly the identity of title in this instance is remarkable, to say the least.

TO call "Merely Mary Ann" a drama would be to give quite the most charming character-study of the season a misnomer; for Mr. Zangwill has made of his little slavey an admixture of humanity and loneli-

ness that absorbs and dominates the slender thread of a plot, and depends not so much on situation as on heart interest. Acting that has to deal with the delicate shades of an inexperienced yet normal soul, and that has to depict the almost primitive simplicity of emotion, is a difficult task, which is strikingly met by Miss Robson. In the hands of one of unresponsive temperament the little slavey would have suffered in drama; here it is not "Merely Mary Ann," but a great deal Miss Robson.

IT is a new photograph of Miss Nance O'Neil that, in this number of **THE READER MAGAZINE**, is reproduced for the first time. Elsewhere appears an appreciation of her wonderful performance in the new Sudermann play, which recently had its first night at Boston. Mr. John D. Barry is a dramatic critic, thoroughly seasoned by exposure to innumerable first nights, yet he writes of Miss O'Neil and her art with an enthusiasm that is refreshing.

JULIAN Hawthorne, a gentleman of quiet tastes and quaint humor, went into a large clothing house to leave an order for a suit of clothes. He had been there about a year before, but on the present occasion he had fallen into the hands of a new clerk. Having been measured and the arrangements made when he should call to try the garments on, he proceeded to depart, when the clerk held him up.

"I beg your pardon," the clerk said, "but will you be kind enough to leave a deposit on your order?"

"Of course not," replied Mr. Hawthorne, perfectly convinced that he would pay for the goods on delivery. "I have had clothes made here before and paid for them."

"But it is a rule of the house, sir, to leave a deposit, and I can't break it," urged the clerk.

"And it is my rule never to leave a deposit," insisted Mr. Hawthorne.

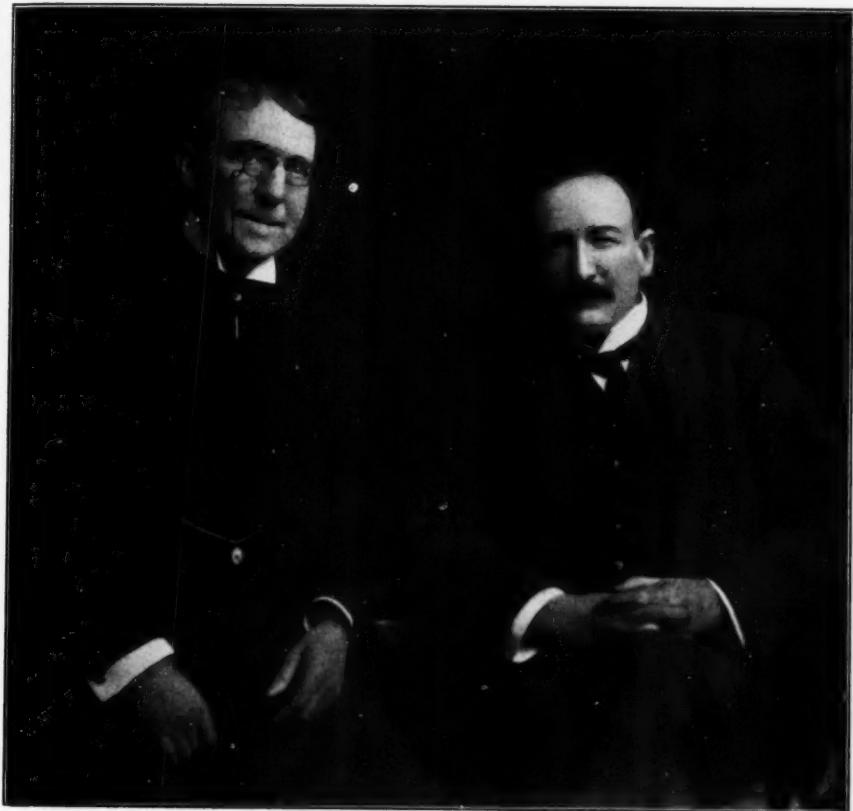
"We can not accept the order without it, sir," said the clerk.

"I suppose not," admitted Mr. Hawthorne, meekly. "When the irresistible is about to meet the insurmountable there is only one way to avert annihilation. You may cancel the order. Good day."

WHEN James Whitcomb Riley and Homer Davenport first met, and it was very recently, they became old friends before they had time to be new acquaintances. It was the immediate mutual recognition of good fellowship. The poet and the artist were forgotten, and before Mr. Davenport had related his second anecdote it was suggested, since Mr. Riley poses for the photographer and the dentist with equal fortitude, that they have their pictures taken "in unison." The result of the camera's work is reproduced on another page of this magazine. It speaks for itself. The couplets Mr. Riley added to the photograph that went to Mr. Davenport.

MR. Davenport, who is now a freelance cartoonist, has been booked by the Pond Agency for a limited number of "talks," illustrated by cartoons done in full view of the audience. Before Mr. Davenport's first appearance it was thought that the "talk" would serve merely as text to bind the cartoons together. But his lecture, as a lecture, was such a success that the drawings were almost forgotten. The truth is that it is not so much what he says, or what he draws, though both are admirable; it is Davenport, the man.

WITH this number **The Bishop's Carriage** closes its door for the last time. Its progress through **THE READER'S** pages has been marked by many demonstrations of



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W. H. Potter, Photographer

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY AND HOMER DAVENPORT

Wes he says, and do to' grins,
"Art and Poetry is twins."

'F' I could draw as you have drawn,
I like to see swap pens with you!"

Very truly your old Hosir friend (Wes)
- James Whitcomb Riley.

popular approval. In the first chapter, Nance Olden won her way into the Bishop's carriage and into the dear old gentleman's heart. In the last, she is found again in the purple-lined ecclesiastical chariot, but in addition to the Bishop's heart she has now won Obermuller's and that of every reader who knows a good girl when he meets her and who loves a brave fight that wins against cruel circumstance and discouraging odds.

We can not believe that Nancy was born a thief; at least she was not a born thief. She was simply born into thievery. After leaving the "Cruelty" she fell into the light-fingered hands of Tom Dorgan and had she had the blood in her veins she would have been lost forever. But when she got her chance—and all thieves probably get theirs—she buried Dorgan with the dead past and "made good," as she would have put it.

Miss Miriam Michelson, the creator of Nance and her amusing adventures, is a brilliant young woman with an interesting newspaper experience that covers assignments from New York to San Francisco. Her likeness appears on another page of this number.

THREE is a vast difference in the way that well-known men accept the appreciative remarks of their friends and the public. Many celebrities take flattery as their natural right, while some are bored. But he who combines pleasure and modesty under that very great trial of receiving a compliment—face to face—is rare. In this gentle art, Mr. Louis Evan Shipman excels.

At a social gathering an enthusiastic girl was introduced to the young playwright, and, taking a long breath, she began at once: "Oh, I am so glad to meet you, Mr. Shipman! I've wanted so much to tell you how delighted I am with your play, 'D'Arcy of the

Guards'! Mamma is awfully fussy about what I see. But I begged to go to your play—every one went when it came here. Well, I can't tell you what a joy—and what a relief dear old D'Arcy was to us! When the curtain went down on the first act, instead of desperately reading our programmes as we usually do, we were just as comfortable as could be, and we were not the least ashamed to be there and spoke to every one we knew—without the slightest embarrassment!"

"I'm very glad you liked my little play," answered Mr. Shipman, with a smile of boyish pleasure and amusement, "and I am delighted to know that nothing was done or said to distress you. I tried to write a play that we could take our parents to without any qualms."

MISS Helen Keller differs from most blind persons in being unable to distinguish between utter darkness and strong light; but, like many that are deaf, she does occasionally hear—or rather *feel*—pronounced sounds. For instance, she experiences great pleasure by touching a piano at some point where it vibrates as her friends play. That she can get any melody this way seems impossible, although the vibrations are such a delight to her that she fancies she hears the air. Ordinary sounds, such as the roar of the streets or the laughing and talking of persons whom she is not actually touching, are absolutely lost to her, but still sometimes she fancies she hears things.

One Summer afternoon Miss Keller was sitting on the porch of a country house with a friend. She sat poring over a book of Greek poems, only stopping once to observe to her friend that she felt a storm gathering. At last it grew black, but the student went right on with her reading by her finger tips, which is not dependent upon such pass-



From a photograph made for THE READER MAGAZINE

**MISS MIRIAM MICHELS
ON**
AUTHOR OF "THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE"

ing things as light. Lightning flashed boldly, and even struck a tree fifty yards away, but its dashes of wonderful light were unfelt in any way by the girl. Soon there came a peal of thunder that suggested the end of the world. At this Miss Keller took her fingers from the sheet of raised letters before her, and, turning to the place where she knew her friend to be sitting, she said in her sweet way:

"What did you drop, dear—your pencil?"

PROFESSOR Trent of Columbia has published "A History of American Literature," which is really valuable. He has had the excellent judgment to stop short of living writers, and even about those not long dead he warns us that criticism to-day can not be at all final. While his book lacks the interesting extravagances of Professor Wendell's, it is, on the other hand, a little too colorless. Disinterestedness is undoubtedly the best point a critic can have, but he should have interest—a vivid interest in his work. However, this is a worthy, sane, and readable book, with a good index.

MRS. Ruth McEnery Stuart, the well-known writer of negro stories, has not infrequently essayed verse with gratifying success. Those who have heard her give readings from her works are probably familiar with her poem, "My Tiger Lily," which is likely to be called for by enthusiastic admirers on such occasions. Mrs. Stuart, however, is not the only member of her family whom the muse has enticed. Her sister, Miss McEnery, has also on one or two occasions given rein to her fancy and lisped in numbers since the numbers came. Miss McEnery, therefore, was recently much elated to read this opening paragraph in a critical notice of one of Mrs. Stuart's poems: "Mrs. Stuart not infrequently shows

the same delicate touch and felicity of expression which characterizes in so marked a degree the poetry of her sister, Miss McEnery."

IT is gratifying to know that "Phœnixiana," that almost forgotten classic of American humor, has been republished, although the violent yellow cover, suggestive of the glorified dime novel, is somewhat inappropriate to the tone of the letter-press—to use one of the author's own words—which in its wildest moments of exaggerated whimsicality never loses its formal dignity. The name of the editor of the new edition, Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, and of the illustrator, Mr. E. W. Kemble, appears on the cover, but, oddly enough, the author's is omitted—Captain G. H. Derby. Mr. Bangs in his introduction is more agreeable to read, thus serious, than he is sometimes when being funny. He realizes that he is in the presence of a true humorist, and far from being patronizing, is rather winsomely ingenuous, and says his little say in the best possible manner. Under the pen name Phœnix, Captain Derby contributed much to the cheerful side of life as it was lived in his day and we are thankful to have his book accessible even though the new edition is not all that could be desired. With Artemus Ward's volume it stands as one of the corner-stones of a fabric we all take great pride in,—American humor. As Mr. Bangs says, it is as fresh to-day as it was a half century ago: in a certain paradoxical way it is amazingly fresh. Several jokes still current, which we are likely to think old, we are yet astonished to find old enough to be here: there is the famous "Saw yer" joke,—there is "How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is to have a toothless child,"—there is "Au reservoir,"—and "craw fish" as a verb,—these are old jests, but they are not antiquated ones. Two points that seem peculiarly apro-



MISS NANCE O'NEIL

SEE "FIRES OF ST. JOHN" PAGE 286

pos are perhaps fortuitous—on page 213, the author mentions a man who was known as "Truthful James," and the poem on page 158, speaks of stores,

"Which are kept by the children of Zion,
Where they sell their goods bort at auction
At seven times more than they costed,"

—which more probably refers to Mormons or Jews than prophetically to Dowieites.

The book is well worth reading: for though its fun is seldom of the kind that reduces you to helpless laughter, it is generally diverting. The author's style, while not devoid of faults, is still remarkably smooth and admirable. Even if he were not funny, he would make pleasant reading, because of a considerable fluency in narration and in description. His satire is kindly and not very deep; and it is, characteristically, his whimsicality that most amuses us. The stories of the military survey with its go-it-ometer (in which Captain Derby seems to have anticipated the invention of the pedometer), and of the dentist's machine, are told with an admirable restraint in the use of materials, and deserve to be as famous as Artemus Ward's kangaroo, Max Adler's Mormon father, and Mark Twain's jumping frog,—with, in short, the little masterpieces of purely American humor.

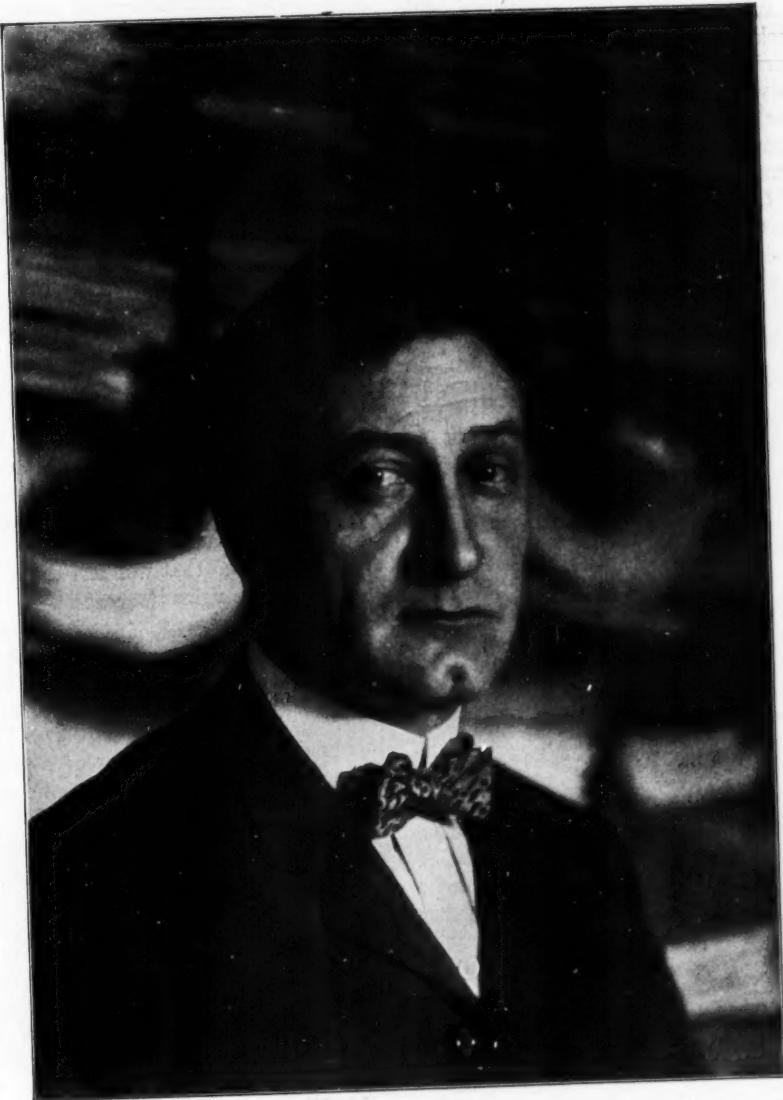
"WHAT does Caspar Whitney say about the team this week?" was the question that college men, a few years back, used to ask each other regularly through the fall and spring. The pages of *Harper's Weekly* were eagerly scanned for the utterances of this sporting oracle. No one discussed the ranking of players with such authority as he; no one

created such consternation when he attacked the amateur standing of some baseball or football chieftain; and probaby no one has had so great an influence in rendering American athletics clean, honest and above board.

To make him editor of *Outing* was only a natural recognition of this service. In his new capacity his field of review and criticism has been extended to the whole range of outdoor sports. He discusses with the same intimate knowledge polo, moose-hunting, lacrosse, rowing, ouananiche-fishing, tennis, golf, yachting, horse-racing and automobiling. Mr. Whitney passed the entrance examinations for Harvard, but instead of following a prescribed course spent his time traveling, hunting and exploring. Later on he was graduated from St. Matthew's College in California,—after which more traveling, hunting and exploring. He is the author of "A Sporting Pilgrimage," "On Snow Shoes to the Barren Grounds," and "Hawaiian America."

THE following is quoted from a letter written by Mr. Kennedy, the husband of Miss Mathewson, the contemporary creator, or recreator, of *Everyman*, in the play of that name:

"The costumes, scenery, accessories, and the general scheme of the 'business' of *Everyman* were solely due to Mr. William Poel, the founder of the Elizabethan Society of England, but to Mrs. Kennedy is due everything that translates the part into a living reality—not only those little subtleties of 'business' and stage-movement that make her performance a model of dramatic technique, but also that deep psychological understanding, and that spiritual exaltation, that give it unity, consistence, and 'grip'. In the purely psychological analysis of the play, I suppose I must say that she was partly indebted to myself—to four lectures that I delivered in London at Mr. Poel's



MR. CASPAR WHITNEY
EDITOR OF OUTING

request, at the time that he first produced the play there.

"The main points in this analysis took regard (first), of the increasingly narrowing rings of objective influence to which *Everyman* makes his appeal for company in his long journey: commencing with *Fellowship*—the outermost ring of all—he finally appeals to *Goods*—of all the *objectives* (so to speak) of the soul, the term nearest of all. Then (secondly) the subjective analysis begins, and this also is worked out relentlessly, until finally only the naked soul itself returns to its God, the Good Deeds 'following after.'

"Again, another thread in the symbolism of the story we discovered in the fact that *Everyman*, up to the point of penance, seems to be merely man in the single, personal, you-and-I sense of the word; but after that point he takes on a double symbolism, typifying Christ, the 'All-man'; following out which hint, my wife converted (mentally) the great prayer into the agony of Gethsemane, the procession into the way of the Cross, the failure of the soul's outermost functions into the denial of Peter and the forsaking of the disciples: all of which, though it may seem singularly obvious and crude as set down here, does not seem to have been perceived originally by the producer of the play. Moreover, I should like to say, too, that it matters little whether the *audience* directly or intellectually perceives my wife's intention in these points; but it means practically everything that *she* should perceive it—else the true unity and consistency of the part were impossible.

"We understood Knowledge to represent practically the Church—the Bride of Christ in *Herself* as distinct from the Church in *function*—as symbolized through Confession: a mediaeval distinction which I think is worth noticing: Knowledge here, of course, meaning *divine knowledge* (the Church

being the depository thereof) as distinct from discretion—the mere discerning, separating, intellectual faculty—who fails finally with the rest. . . .

"The order in which the four abstractions fade away is interesting—and my wife tries to convey their import by her acting: Beauty first—the outermost expression of the soul; then Strength, which underlies and quickens beauty; next Discretion—that which, among other functions, directs Strength; and lastly the five metaphysical wits, or what one may call the instincts of Discretion. Then the soul itself is left free."

THREE is nobody," said Macaulay, "second to Shakespeare; but among those who come nearest to being second, we must give the leading place to that wonderful young woman, Jane Austen."

It will be obvious why the two names quoted suggest Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, when one reflects that he was born on Shakespeare's 289th birthday, and that he is able to "wring a tear," if not, like Jane Austen, "out of a shoestring," at least out of the humble and despised.

"There never was a love like to my love," is the reply the Southerner can make to Northern people who would be glad to interfere with the negro question; and this true affection for the darky and the darky's utter devotion in return,—with the poignant pathos that has resulted during and since the War,—have been nobly described by Mr. Page.

No Virginian has more painstakingly portrayed the dignity and the noble dejection of the fine old commonwealth, once ranked alongside of France in the British King's titles, once trodden under foot and reconstructed, but always cherished with a yearning and touching patriotism by her sons and her son's



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON
IN ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S PLAY, "MERELY MARY ANN"

sons and her daughter's daughters. Of her sons, Thomas Nelson Page has been eager and successful in spreading her assured fame abroad in a succession of novels and short stories, which have taken his name from among those of "Southern writers," and placed it in the list of "American novelists."

SIGNOR Enrico Caruso, whose voice has won him a sure haven in the hearts of New York opera-goers,—so that his name is often and calmly mentioned alongside that of Jean de Reszke,—makes more than one appeal for popularity. In "L'Elisir d'Amore," for instance, not only did his pure, melting tones, his sobbing delivery of the aria in the last act, rouse the audience to a pitch of "rough-house," and produce the dilemma,—either an encore or the show stops here,—but in the same opera his comic acting tickled the brains as much as his singing did

the hearts of his hearers. A tenor who can produce *bel canto* while eating an apple, may be fat, but he has his grip on the good will of his audience.

But it is not only in acting that Signor Caruso shows his humorous skill. His caricature of himself in "La Bohème," which we reproduce, proves that he possesses that very core of humor, the power to see himself humorously. At the same time, it does him the simple justice of not concealing that he is a fine-featured man.

He has gone from us now,—temporarily, we hope: and in Monte Carlo may he win the admiration that is more sure than some of the winnings of that gay town. *A rivederci, Caruso.*

MR. Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine*, is one of the kindest of men, but there are times when even his patience is put to the sublimest test. Among those who used to come to see him with manuscript for the magazine was a sloppy newspaper writer, who so persistently insisted on Mr. Alden's accepting some of his stuff that the editor lost patience and said something that was not highly complimentary to the applicant.

"Oh," said that person, with a sniff, "you think that way of me, do you? Well, I hope you will excuse me for living."

"Certainly I will," responded Mr. Alden, gently enough now, "but I don't see how your readers ever can."

Since which event that one doesn't go to see Mr. Alden any more.

AT the corner of Seventeenth Street and Irving Place, in New York City, stands a little three-story frame house with a wonderfully interesting history—a history that appeals at once to all readers and all lovers of American literature. It is the old home of Washington Irving, the house in which the great author wrote many of



CARUSO, THE GREAT TENOR
ONE OF HIS CARICATURES OF HIMSELF



Photograph made for THE READER MAGAZINE by W. M. Vander Wyde

WHERE WASHINGTON IRVING LIVED

HIS NEW YORK HOUSE IN IRVING PLACE

his charming books. The house stands to-day practically unaltered—as it was when Irving built it and lived in it. The house is noticeable to the passer-by for the reason that, although it faces on Irving Place (named after the author), there is no entrance there. Instead, there is a pretty sheltered balcony, the entrance being on the side street. On this balcony Irving spent many hours, and it is said that there he often wrote at a little table, as he watched the ships pass up and down the

East River, the view to the river being then entirely unobstructed.

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, the well-known international dramatic agent, and Miss Elsie de Wolfe, now live in the old dwelling-house.

In the April number Israel Zangwill will begin a series of short essays, under the general heading Without Prejudice. At present Mr. Zangwill is in Spain, where so many tourists have turned for their winter sojourn.



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

TWO BIG TEARS FELL KER-SPASH

SEE "MR. BEAR TENDS STORE," PAGE 948

Mr. Bear Tends Store

BY ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON

"AUNT NANCY," said Ned, "I wish you'd tell me what relation Molly Cotton-tail was to Mr. Hare."

"Relation?" she asked; "you mean w'at a-kin wuz she? No kin 'tall, 'scusin' by ma'iage; 'kase she wuz his wife, chil'; an' after she live wid him so long time, she got ez trickish ez w'at he wuz, an' dat's sayin' a heap. She wuz a mighty smart ooman, an' she knowned how ter read an' write, an', w'at's mo', she cu'd mummick de writin' er mos' any pusson she wanter, an' dat come nigh gittin' her inter a hull passel er trouble onct, but she wuz so slick she wiggle' out jes' in time. Hit wuz lak dis: Fox he done tried his han' at huntin' an' fishin' an' farmin' widout mekin' much uv a fist at any un 'em, an' las' he set him up a li'l sto' at de cross-roads; one'r dese yer sto's whar de folks brings a li'l haid-turn er truck an' trades hit fer bacon an' meal.

"One day Mis' Molly Cotton-tail, she done runned outer sump'n ter eat, an' de chillen wuz hongry an' baiggin' fer vittles. She say to husse'f: 'Dese chillen gwine run me 'stracted. I hatter stay home yer an' lissen at all der bodderment w'iles der paw goes cavawtin' roun' de kyountry enj'yin' hisse'f might'ly. 'Tain' fair. But nemmine, I gotter feed dese chillen, an' I knows w'at I gwine do.'

"Wid dat she sot down an' tucken a piece er paper an' a ink-bottle an' a

quill, an' she stuck de quill behime one year an' sot dar studyin' an' runnin' her fingers thu her hya'r 'twel she got de marter all fix up in her min'. Den she tucken de quill an' writ a order ter Mistah Fox fer a bag er meal an' a shoulder er meat, an' she tuck an' signed Mis' Fox's name to hit, jes' 'zactly de way she done seed Mis' Fox write her name one time. Den she sot down in de cio' an' wait fer some pusson ter pass by. Fus' news you know, yer come Mistah B'ar amblin' down de road. By dat time he fergit how Mis' Molly done laugh at him 'bout de punkins, an' w'en she mek her manners to him, nice an' proper, he arnser mighty p'lity. She ain' knowin' how he gwine treat 'er, but w'en she see 'twuz all right she 'mence muchin' him, 'kase she wuz a gre't han' ter flatter folks, an' w'en she git things wuk' up ter de proper p'int, she say: 'Scuse me, Mistah B'ar, I is 'sentially a backwu'd ooman an' I hates ter ax favers, but my chillen is hongry an' no vittles in de house an' der paw f'um home. I be mighty 'bleeged, suh, ef you leave dis order fer me at de cross-roads sto' an' bring me de vittles on yo' way back.'

"B'ar he say 'twon't be no trouble, an' he tucken de order an' lef' hit at de sto' an' den got de bacon an' meal on de way back an' fetched hit ter Mis' Molly. 'Twan't long 'fo' 'twuz all et up, an' 'twan't long, neener, 'fo' Mistah Fox

fine out de vittles wuz lef' wid Mis' Molly stidder wid his own ol' ooman, an' he 'clar he gwine git even wid 'er fer forgin' his ol' ooman's name.

"Mis' Hyar' she ain' knowin' he foun' her out, so one day she go inter de sto' ter trade, biggity ez you please, an' he up an' ax 'er fer ter keep sto' a minnit w'iles he step out. She kinder smell a mouse, an' she tell him she ain' got time fer ter tarry. Den he tucken her by de scruff er de neck an' tie her up good an' tight, an' he say, sezee: 'Uh-huh! Forge my ol' ooman's name, will you? Eat up my meal an' bacon, hey? Trash er de worl'! I gwine go out an' git me a cowhide an' gin you de bes' larrupin' you uver has had er uver is gwine ter git.'

"He went out an' lef' 'er dar studyin' 'bout de fix she wuz in, an' mos' pussons 'ud 'a felt skeerde an' skeerde ev'y minnit, but, bless yo' soul, Mis' Hyar' wan't faze' by hit. She start in ter hummin' one'r dese gaily ol' darnsin' chunes an' pattin' wid her footses, 'kase her han's wuz tied behime her. Las' she bus' out at de top uv her voice inter de wu'ds er de song:

"Sam, Sam wuz a funny ol' man,
Fried his meat in a fryin' pan,
Combed his haid wid a wagon-wheel,
Died wid de toofache in his heel."

"Bout dis time some un come sa'n-terin' down de road an' year de noise an' poke his haid in de do.' Who shu'd dat be but Mistah B'ar, an' he say, sezee: 'Hey, Mis' Molly Cotton-tail, w'at de meanin' er all dis racket, an' w'at you doin' all snarl' up in dat rope?'

"Well,' she 'low, 'I come yer ter git some colamel fer my sick chil', an' Mistah Sly-fox he up an' tell me he gwine gin a party at his house to-night, an' he ax me fer ter stay an' jine in de fun, an' I 'low I kain't, 'kase I hatter git back

ter my chil', an' he 'low dat dey kain't git 'long widout my comp'ny nohows, an' dat he b'lieve I se too stuck up ter 'sociate wid his fambly an' jes'mek up dat tale 'bout de sickness er my chil'. I kep' on tellin' him I kain't stay, an' las' I say I go home an' teck de colamel wid me an' see how de chil' is, an' come back. But he 'low, he did, dat a bu'd in de han' wuz wuf two in de bush, so he tucken de rope an' tie me up dis-a-way 'twel night. Den he step out ter mek some redyments fer de party, an' he ax me fer ter mind de sto' w'iles he's gone. Yer I is, settin' yer tryin' ter keep my min' off my po' sick chil' by singin' an' knockin' time. You ain' nuver bin a mammy, Mistah B'ar, er you'd know jes' how I'm feelin' dis ve'y minnit, an' right dar she let two big tears fall down on de flo', ker-splash!

"B'ar felt mighty saw'y w'en he see dat; mens is right easy tucken in by a few li'l ol' tears, an' he say dat he ontie her, ef she say de wu'd, an' let her go. She say, 'Yas, suh, but Mistah Fox he done 'spec' me ter see dat nuttin' git stole outer de sto'; w'at I gwine do 'bout dat?'

"B'ar he 'low dat he ain' min' tendin' sto' a li'l, an' she tell him, 'Go ahaid, den, an' ontie me.' Den she say he better let her tie him up in de same place so'st he kain't change his min' 'bout stayin' fer de party. B'ar say he wan't hankerin' after any gay doin's, but ef dar wuz any vittles ter be 'stroyed at de party, he wuz de man fer de place. So he let Mis' Molly tie him up an' den she went clippin' down de road, stoppin' at de turn long 'nuff ter sing out: 'O Mistah B'ar! O Mistah B'ar, I hope you enj'y yo'se'f at de party! Dey tell me hit gwine be mighty small an' s'lect. 'Tain' s'prise me ef you hatter do mos' er de darnsin' yo'se'f.' Wid dat she went a-kitin', an' den she slip inter de bresh an' double an' come back an' squat down by de sto' ter lissen.

"Pres'n'y yer come Mistah Fox

lopin' back wid a gre't cowhide in his han', an' he wuz mo'n s'prise' w'en he see ol' B'ar all squoge up an' tied fas' in de place whar he done lef' Mis' Molly Cotton-tail. 'Laws-a-mussy!' sezee, 'w'at in de name'r de ring-tail-roarers is de meanin' er dish yer piece er bizness? Who done tie you up dis-a-way? Dat Molly Hyar', I be boun'!'

"De same," sez de B'ar, sezee.

"Huccome dat?" sez de Fox, sezee.

"Well, suh," Mistah B'ar say, "she tell me you done tie her up ter mek her stay fer yo' party to-night, an' she say she natchelly pinin' ter git home ter her sick young un, an' she cry a li'l an' baig a li'l, an' las' I tell her I jes' z lief teck her place an' tend de sto' an' go ter de party."

"Fox he curl his mufstarsh an' twis' de een' up an' look at ol' B'ar outer de cornder uv his eye an' he say: 'Uh-huh, is dasso? You tol' her dat, did you? You willin' ter stay ter de party? Well, ef dat de case, kin you tell me w'y she hatter go ter wu'k an' do you up in all dem hard knots?'

B'ar he say: "Dat's all right. I turn her a-loose, an' den she tie me up dis-a-way 'kase she laugh an' say I mought change my min' 'bout stayin' fer de party, so she bes' mek sho' uv me, fer you so hard up fer fren's 'mongs' de creeturs dat you hatter do dis-a-way ter git anyb'dy ter come."

Dat mek Fox madder'n a hatter, dough he ain' so mad but w'at he kin laugh an' holler an' slap his han' on his knee. "Lawd! lawd!" sezee, "ef dat ain' one smart ooman! Well, suh, de on'ies party I wuz gwineter gin wuz a hidin'-party, an' me an' her an' dish yer cowhide wuz de on'ies folks eenvited, an' now, suh, sence you done let de chief mo'ner go, w'y dish yer gwine be yo' chanct ter do de cryin'?"

"Wid dat he whu'l de ol' rawhide roun' thu de air 'twel she snap lak a snappin'-turkle, an' bring her down on Mistah B'ar's back, zip! zip! zim! B'ar

he r'ared an' he charged an' he tore an' he swore an' he growled an' he howled, but 'twan't no use, Mis' Molly she done tied him up good an' fas'. Fox he done whup him an' whup him 'twel de hide hung offen him in plumb ribands. Fox kep' on 'twel he got him right much skunt up, an' all de time he wuz jawin' him wid ev'y lick. "I gwine l'arn you some sense, you gre't big lan'-lubber! Gwine l'arn you not ter be tucken in by ev'y li'l ol' ooman whar kin pump de water outer her eyes in th'eeshakes uv a sheep's tail! Gwine l'arn you not ter meddle in u'rr folkses mixes. You is de ve'y man whar comed yer an' bringed me dat order f'um my ol' ooman whar nuver come f'um her 'tall, an' 'twuz you toted off de meal an' bacon ter ol' Molly Cotton-tail. Ain' you know dat ooman well 'nuff by dis time ter know dat you gwine git in trouble ef you don' keep 'way f'um her? You ol' 'nuff ter know better, 'deed you is; anyhow I gwine l'arn you."

"Ol' B'ar he git ter cryin', an' ev'y time de whup come down he let out a big 'Boo-hoo!' Mis' Molly she wuz settin' outside lis'nin', an' ev'y time he say 'Boo-hoo!' she laugh 'Ho-ho!' at de same minnit, so dey ain' year her 'tall. W'en Fox turnt Mistah B'ar a-loose, she wuz off outer dat in a jiffy, an' B'ar ain' see her fer one long spell. He hatter stay home an' nuss his hide for a wile, an' he vow ter goodness dat he gwine frail Molly good nex' time he meet up wid her. 'Mis'able li'l fippenny-bit,' sezee, "her ter git a gre't big man lak me a thashin' f'um dat ol' Slickry Sly-fox! I knock 'em bofe inter de middle er nex' week nex' time I ketch 'em, dog me ef I don'."

"Las', one day, Molly seed him comin' down de road, an' she turnt off inter de bresh an' scooted thu a shawt cut 'twel she got way beyond him. Den she hop inter de middle er de road an' sing out, 'Heyo, Mistah B'ar, how you enj'y yo'se'f at Mistah Fox's party? I done

yearn dat you sing mo' louder an' jump
mo' higher dan any u'r man at de
doin's. No pusson 'ud think dat jes' ter
look at you gwine 'long so solumn an'
stiddy. You kain't tell, dough, mens is
mighty 'ceivin'; 'tain' safe fer us po'

oomins ter place ow' 'pennance on yo'
looks.' Wid dat she gin her behime
laigs a flirt in de air an' went splungin'
inter de bresh ag'in, lak Ol' Harry his-
se'f wuz atter her, w'ich mebbe he wuz,
an' puttin' her up ter all her mischief."

A Choral of the Year

BY WALLACE RICE

HEAR, bubbling through gray morning hours,
The trills of water-folk arise;
Their home in newly fallen showers,
Their notes as liquid as their skies.

The locust's whistling rigadoon
Shrills to the noon its sibilance,
To wake the woodlands from their swoon
And set the weary air a-dance.

Leaves gasping from their breathless chase
Follow the footfall of the gale,
Into the pallid twilight race,
And sigh and sorrow as they fail.

The snows that stilled the forests' surge
As down the heaven they flew and fell,
Now mourn the year with frosty dirge,
Now clank, o' nights, his passing-bell.

With all the seasons, stern or kind,
Out of eternity there sings
Into eternity the wind,
God's mercy in its murmurings.

Little Stories of Journalism

V

BY JULIUS CHAMBERS

"HURRY to New Orleans, where a remarkable murder case will come up for trial to-morrow," said the managing editor of a New York newspaper. "It will take nearly three days to get there, but some time will be occupied in getting a jury, although much of the practice is under the *Code Napoleon*. A Miss Campaneau is charged with murdering a man she did not know. I do not believe her guilty. I will engage the best criminal lawyer in New Orleans to advise and assist in the defense. That woman ought to be saved,—even against her will!"

After three nights on the road, the train rolled into the Crescent City in the early morning. Sending my baggage to the hotel, I drove to the office of the lawyer who had been retained by wire and directed to receive me the moment I arrived.

"This case mystifies everybody," began Counselor Townsend, when I was seated. "A young woman of refinement and respectability sought a meeting with a socially prominent member of the Shakespeare Club, and, apparently,—for there were no witnesses to the act,—stabbed him to death! In his last, semi-delirious moments, the victim said:—'She killed me!' Whom did he mean? Apparently, the prisoner, although she made no attempt to escape, and stoutly denied the killing. Since receiving the orders from your editor, I have had an interview with the attorney for Miss Campaneau. He assures me that she re-

fuses him an explanation of her presence at the scene of the crime. She may not have one. Prior to arrest, her character was irreproachable."

"The court opens in a few minutes," I suggested.

"Yes; we will drive there; I want you to watch that girl all day and tell me what *you* think."

The prosecutor was opening the case against the accused, as we entered the court-room. I was given a seat inside the rail, where I could study the prisoner, as well as hear what was said about her. First, as to what I heard:

Marie Campaneau was the only daughter of a highly respected cotton broker, who had come to New Orleans after the Civil War, and in twelve years had established a large business. Nobody knew where the family had previously lived. Madame Campaneau and her daughter, the prisoner, had devoted much time to charities and religion, ignoring society. After the death of M. Campaneau, the family was soon forgotten, even by former friends.

The story of the crime was stated with clearness and apparent fairness:—On a rainy night in the preceding February—a night of dense darkness—a cry of "Murder!" had been heard from a small shelter for trolley passengers on Canal Street. Officer Dunlap was first to reach the place. He found Pierre Beauleau, one of the best known men about town, writhing on the floor,—a knife-wound in his side. Nearby, leaning against the

wall, and as cool as was Charlotte Corday after she had killed Marat, stood a tall young woman, the prisoner at the bar. The dying man, according to the police officer, uttered only three words before he died:—"She killed me!" Now, the prosecutor admitted that "she" might not have been the accused, but he would be able to show that Miss Campaneau "had lured the victim to the lonely place."

The prisoner had walked calmly to the station-house. When searched by a matron, a brief and formal note from the dead man was found upon her,—accepting an appointment at the place where he met his death. A postscript contained a distinct reference to a request from the young woman for the meeting; but a search of the body of the deceased and subsequent examination of his apartments failed to disclose such a letter.

The blood-stained knife lay on the pavement some distance from the shelter; but the prosecuting attorney contended that the weapon could have been thrown there by the prisoner. Likewise, he referred to the letter in her possession as rendering futile all attempts on the part of her counsel to establish character.

The missing link in the chain of convicting evidence, the prosecutor frankly admitted, was *motive!*

The presentation of the case for the State had finished late on Friday afternoon, and the judge ordered an adjournment until Monday. The evidence was very strong, but all hope centered in inducing the prisoner to tell us some fact by which the absence of motive could be made so strong that she would be given benefit of a doubt.

The study of the girl's face, which had occupied me far more than the prosecutor's address, confirmed belief in her innocence. She met my gaze with an appealing glance that would have moved a heart of stone; her eyes said distinctly:

"I am hopelessly enmeshed; but *I did not kill that man!*"

After adjournment, I was introduced to her counsel and assured him of the deep interest my employer felt in the case. The young lawyer's eyes brightened.

"I'd be glad to introduce you to my client," said he.

The woman rose with dignity and bowed, but did not manifest any intention to converse. I could not muster courage, as I had intended, to ask an explanation of the letter in her possession; and before I had recovered my self-possession, Miss Campaneau had been removed to her cell. Her lawyer, too, was embarrassed by her conduct; he did not understand women.

Deeply pondering the sensitive nature of the prisoner, rather than the almost conclusive evidence against her, I was walking slowly toward the hotel with her lawyer when I had a sudden interpretation of Miss Campaneau's last look into my face.

"I have the cue!" I exclaimed, almost gleefully. "She said to me with her eyes:—'I'd rather die than tell what I know!'"

My distinguished legal companion was not impressed; but I argued my theory thus: "That the accused knows the murderer is certain, for she was present when the crime was committed. If the assassin were a stranger, she would say so. This crime, therefore, is the act either of a lover of hers,—the dying man may have believed she had lured him to his death,—or of a woman who has some claim upon the sympathy and affection of the prisoner."

"Very good reasoning, in the absence of that cursed letter," commented my legal companion.

"But *she* didn't write it! Its presence confirms my opinion that there is a secret in the Campaneau family, and that this crime is in some manner connected with it. Otherwise, why should the prisoner

refuse her counsel all information about her family and its former home? Above all, if she had meant to kill Beauleau, why had she not destroyed that letter?"

"There is just a ray of hope in your chatter," commented the criminal lawyer, who was thinking very hard himself.

"She never had met the man before,—that is admitted,—and there could not have been any personal entanglement," I ran on, swallowing the rebuff. "The conduct of her old acquaintances is curious. The warden, who had the prisoner in charge, told me she had not been visited by anybody from out the city. Does that mean that the Campaneaus lived afar off and information of the girl's misfortunes has not reached her old home? Not at all," I self-communed, "the family comes from Louisiana, Alabama, or Mississippi. It indicates rather the esteem in which the Campaneaus were held. There must be a secret somewhere, which the foolish but friendly villagers are striving to hide, *in fear that its disclosure will injure the defense!* Their judgment is not infallible; the truth may save the girl."

Like a man in a dream, I walked past the hotel, as my colleague entered.

"Publicity!" I shouted. People turned to look at me, but I asked the first man who approached to take me to the *Picayune* and *Times-Democrat* offices. As we walked along, I said to him, absent-mindedly: "There's been too much secrecy; this girl is going to a felon's death for a matter of sentiment."

The man regarded me suspiciously, and dodging round a corner, left me. It wasn't flattering to be mistaken for a lunatic at large; but I was so deeply in earnest that I didn't smile.

Seeing the *Picayune* office across the street, I started to run thither, saying: "I'll appeal to human sympathy and—cupidity. I'll advertise!"

Every newspaper in New Orleans,

Montgomery, and Mobile, contained an advertisement next morning, offering \$500 for first information regarding the former home of Marie Campaneau and the history of the family, before coming to the Crescent City. Assuming that the Campaneaus had employed servants at some period in their history, ten thousand circulars, in French and English, were distributed in the creole and negro section. A personal letter was sent to the officiating priest of every church in New Orleans, imploring him to urge any member of his congregation possessed of information about the friendless prisoner to call upon her lawyer.

With the connivance of her counsel, I had a woman detective search the prisoner's trunk. On the fly-leaf of an old novel were the words, "Bayou Sara." I wired a friend, Judge Henry Morton, at that river-town, telling him what was wanted. His answer was: "Come up here: I can explain everything."

The last train for the week had gone, but a special engine and car were chartered, and Counselor Townsend set out for Bayou Sara, by way of Baton Rouge and Slaughter Junction. The engineer made the run in five hours, much of the distance over very poor rails, and started on his return trip while the church bells were ringing Sunday morning.

Meanwhile, cupidity had supplied the vitally needed witness,—a former maid in the Campaneau household. With her aid and that of three private detectives, before sunset of that beautiful Sunday the murderer was found.

There was a lost daughter in that family!

The Campaneaus had once lived at Bayou Sara. There were two children, girls,—one ten years the elder. Pierre Beauleau visited the village and induced Clarette, the eldest daughter, to elope with him to New Orleans. There he deserted her. The family removed to the

Crescent City; the father died; and in her last illness, the mother's dying wish was to reclaim her child. At the parent's command, Marie wrote Beauleau, asking a meeting, in the hope of ascertaining Clarette's whereabouts. So keenly did she feel the disgrace that the sister's name was not mentioned in the letter. She asked him to name the meeting-place. Knowledge of the appointment having reached Clarette, she had followed Beauleau, rushed upon him, inflicted a deadly wound, and fled.

SPEAKING of "scoops,"—nobody in the office of the *New York Journal and American* ever knew just how that newspaper's memorable advance information of the settlement of the Venezuela boundary dispute with Great Britain, published on March 13, 1896, was secured.

President Cleveland had sent a message to Congress on December 17, preceding, that breathed threats of intervention in behalf of the weak South American state, and defiance of the British Empire. The reception of that message by the Republican House of Representatives I shall always remember as one of the most thrilling spectacles I ever witnessed. I can only liken it to the unanimous voting of the \$50,000,000 war fund to President McKinley, two years later. But events dragged along; anxiety grew with the appearance of every new British warship at Halifax, Hamilton, or Bermuda; our relations with England were accurately described as "strained." To all appearances, the two nations were on the verge of war. The United States was inadequately prepared for such a conflict; Great Britain was thought to be quite ready.

President Cleveland had a habit of giving out letters or messages at a late hour of the night; the *Journal* correspondent had already fastened upon the government the title of "The Midnight

Administration." These conditions heightened the anxiety felt by every Washington correspondent, because nobody could predict what might emanate from the White House any night.

Like many of his rivals, the *Journal* correspondent had been passing anxious days and nights trying to ascertain the outcome of Mr. Cleveland's bluffing message to Lord Salisbury. Rumors were highly conflicting, but information from abroad continued disquieting—not to say alarming.

After an almost sleepless night, I went to breakfast at the Arlington about ten o'clock on the morning of March 12. I encountered a very distinguished retired politician from one of the great Middle States, as he was leaving the breakfast-room. He was on his way to Florida, he said, but at the request of the President had stopped over to advise about certain appointments—the congressional delegation of his state being wholly of the opposite political party. He was then bound for the Executive Mansion, and I walked to the porch of the White House with the genial statesman. As we parted, I said:

"You can do me a great favor.

"After you have rendered the President all the service he expects, and are about to leave, will you casually ask him the present status of the Venezuelan controversy? If he tells you, I'd like to know what he says."

"Certainly, my boy; I shall surely do so," was the friendly reply. "I shall be delighted."

He meant what he said and did exactly what he promised.

"The Venezuelan dispute is settled amicably," replied the president, with more enthusiasm than his visitor had ever seen him exhibit. "Lord Salisbury accepts our view. A joint commission will be named and the whole boundary question will be arbitrated by its members. I tell you, the American people will have a much higher estimate of

England's good feeling toward them than ever before, when the results are known. The facts will conclusively prove that official England entertains a sincere brotherly feeling for us."

Not until the visiting statesman was ensconced in his compartment aboard the Florida express did I lose sight of this good friend. His resemblance to Lord Pauncefoote, the British ambassador, was noticeable, and this fact accounted for the rumor, afterward current, that the information had been furnished me by her Majesty's representative.

Remarkable success was scored in suggesting names for the American members of the commission,—three out of five suggested being accepted by President Cleveland.

Official announcement was made from Downing Street, in London, the next afternoon, and the almost incredible news of the previous night was verified. Congratulations began to reach me by wire from all parts of the country.

"THE river thieves have been very active of late," said my city editor. "The police force along the water-front has been doubled, but the robberies on the wharves continue. I want you to go and live in the Catherine Market region. Get close to somebody, and at the end of a few weeks give us a page account of your experiences."

My first step was to make known all my plans to Superintendent Kelso, in order to avoid trouble in case of arrest. I then bought a sailor's kit at Brooks Brothers' Catherine Street shop. A boarding-house was found in Cherry Street, near Captain Duncan's newly opened Sailors' Home.

Within a week, I was a recognized and welcome member of the Catemarket Club, paying dues by the purchase of cigars and grog for its members. Meetings were held in a front room over a saloon, on South Street, north of Cath-

erine Market. This club was a river-thieves' clearing-house. Plans were openly made for robbing ships and piers,—generally with the connivance of sailors or wharf watchmen.

Those were the "days of Scarlet Journalism." The paper I served—*The Tribune*—had been conducting a "panel-house," under the advice of the still notorious "The" Allen, and managed by E. Y. Breck—now a distinguished lawyer of Pittsburg—and Arthur Pember, of the *Tribune* staff. To this "panel-house" men were lured and robbed,—to show the inefficiency of the police.

Of the three weeks' work on this assignment I do not intend to speak at length. I went out two nights in an open boat; was chased by the police on the second occasion. Fortunately, I was not a party to any crime but I actually heard three robberies planned,—one of which was successfully carried out.

The most important discovery I made, however, was that of a tall, sunken-eyed man of forty, upon whose cheeks the prison-pallor still lingered. He had been out of Sing Sing only a few weeks, and was inclined to lead an honest life. He was a stevedore by trade, but when business was poor he had been wont to resort to burglary, river-robbery and an occasional garroting to obtain money.

This strangely interesting man took a distinct interest in me. I have always believed he hoped to save me from a career of crime. "Jerry" McAuley, for that was his name, was wholly uneducated; but he was ambitious to learn, and at my suggestion went to a night school for several months after he began another career.

In the course of our acquaintance he told me the hardships and fascinations of a river-thief's life, and how ardently he desired to escape from it into an honest vocation. When I felt sure of the man, I made an appointment with him at the corner of the Sub-Treasury build-

ing and introduced him to Mr. A. C. Hatch, of Fiske & Hatch, bankers on the ground floor of the building that stood where the Hanover Bank is to-day. Mr. Hatch was a practical philanthropist who did a great amount of charitable work that few people knew anything about.

The Dover Street Mission began its career a fortnight later, with Jerry McAuley at its head. This reformed river-thief was a true reformer, and, with Mr. Hatch's assistance, saved many a miserable fellow-mortals from the prison and the morgue. The Cremorne Mission was a thing of much later growth. It had a very different order of vice to deal with and may not have been so successful.

Jerry McAuley is dead; but Mr. Hatch still lives and the McAuley Mission, in the heart of the old Tenderloin, still remains an oasis of hope in a region of despair.

Jerry McAuley owed his redemption to journalism,—to "Scarlet Journalism," if you will.

AN assignment to pass a fortnight in Bloomingdale Asylum developed some rare experiences. The strangest, perhaps, was a game of cards in which I played with three of the patients, all mentally unbalanced members of distinguished families. One had been a member of the United States Senate.

When the cards had been procured, and the four players seated, a game of whist was agreed upon. My partner was from the Pacific coast and known as "Frisco." The senator's partner was a former Wall Street broker, and we called him "Thaddeus." My partner won the deal, shuffled, offered the pack to the senator to cut, then dealt four cards to each player and—stopped.

"Go on!" urged the senator, impatiently.

Frisco started, as from a reverie, resumed the dealing and finally exhausted the pack,—a small club becoming the

trump card. It was Thaddeus's lead. He studied his hand until the senator kicked him under the table, after which he played the ten of diamonds. I, as second hand, tossed out the tray, the senator played a seven for high card, and Frisco slammed down the ten of clubs, muttering, "Seven and three are ten; two tens, with big casino!" Placing the trick in front of him, he turned a card face upward, adding, "One sweep!"

Before leading back, Frisco looked at the table as if seeking cards already there. Seeing all of us waiting, he played the four of diamonds, in violation of rules. Thaddeus followed with the jack of spades,—"throwing off" instead of "trumping in." My ace of diamonds was good, as the senator had a small one. Before I could take up the trick, the man at my right seized it, saying: "Hurray for my left bower!" The senator disputed Thaddeus's right to the trick and adjudged it mine. When I passed the cards across to my partner he winked, and after facing a card, as before, whispered, "Two sweeps!"

My colleague was playing casino and the sad-eyed man at my right was amusing himself at euchre. Noticing my confusion, the senator whispered, confidentially:

"Don't bother about them. They are lunies; we are the only real players at the table."

I decided to open my spade suit, having ace, king, queen and a small one. I led the king, and was surprised to see the senator trump with a tray. My partner tossed on the five of the trump suit, and fourth hand followed my lead,—indicating that all the spades lay in his hand and mine. It was Frisco's trick; he was bubbling over with glee at our success. When he took up the bunch, he muttered, "We'll get cards and spades!"

The lead belonged to my colleague. At random, he played a small heart,—doubtless to show me his long suit.

Thaddeus added the queen. I had the ace in my fingers, when my attention was diverted to the senator. He sat behind five cards, with a face of wood! He had got rid of all other cards. Glancing at the players, the senator from Nevada said, with the calmness of the professional gambler, "I raise it a hundred!"

Lowering his face and watching out of the corners of his eyes, he awaited our decisions with grave toleration, but without signs of anxiety. It was easy to see that the wandering minds in the group were three! The senator was deeply intent on a game of poker!

"Where are your cards?" I demanded.

"I don't need any more," was the reply. "Do you want to make it a jackpot?"

Frisco grinned; Thaddeus laughed, softly but approvingly.

A ray of intelligence illumined the faces before me, as though a sunbeam had entered from the outer world. A chord of humanity had been struck by the senator! Our hearts responded.

The cards were re-shuffled; five were given to each player; the draw followed, and in a very little while, millions, as mythical as the existence the players fancied they led, were at stake upon that table,—an iron table in a maniac ward! Each of us won and lost a fortune!

In mind, the senator was at Washington again and sat before the famous round table in Chamberlain's; Frisco was at John Morrissey's in New York, and Thaddeus was once more on the floor of the Stock Exchange, betting millions in paper scraps,—all gambling and equally happy.

It was the stiffest game that I ever went up against.

Ultimate Altars

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

THE old gods wane, and new gods come,
And men, where they may once have dwelt,
Bend puzzled knees, and find them dumb,—
These gods to whom their fathers knelt.

If in strange temples far and near
To earth's new gods we can not bow,
Let us but kneel to Beauty here,
Who bears her god-head on her brow!

Rejection Slips

BY W. D. NESBIT

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything."

BOOKS in the running brooks? Well, yes.
But who is giving them a boom?
Is one of them a great success?
What critic sent them to their doom?
Books in the running brooks—They stay
An unread, unknown, swelling list;
Nobody sees them, day by day,
Loom up in the best selling list.

And sermons in the stones? Unvext
They lie, to gather moss or dust—
None peers to find the basic text
Or see the creed or code discussed.
Discourses in the tongueless stones?
Ugh! That thought strikes us creepily
As on the grass our weary bones
We stretch, and rest us sleepily.

What stories do the daisies write?
What rose but holds its rich romance?
What hour of any day or night
But gives us chapters built on chance?
These contributions nature sends—
Are you and I collecting them?
Who of us ever comprehends
His folly in rejecting them?

“Fires of St. John” and Miss Nance O’Neil

BY JOHN D. BARRY

IN Boston, on the twenty-first of January of the present year, Sudermann’s “Johannisfeuer” or “Fires of St. John,” had its first presentation on the English-speaking stage. It proved to be an interesting problem-drama, developed realistically and powerfully on the lines of human character, but, as a study of life, marred by the introduction of sensational elements. In comparison with most of the plays seen on our stage, however, it stood out like a work of genius. The importance of the production as an event was greatly enhanced by the appearance of an actress who, as the tempestuous heroine, revealed extraordinary gifts, including, in addition to an impressive and handsome appearance, intense emotional power, a wide range of expression, and a restrained and natural method. After seeing her performance I feel no hesitancy in saying that I believe Miss Nance O’Neil to be far and away the finest emotional actress now on the American stage.

Several weeks ago, in Chicago, I saw Miss O’Neil for the first time. For a half-dozen years or more I had heard of her as the pupil of Mr. McKee Rankin, the actor best known for his success in “The Danites,” and I had known of her recent tour around the world, which included picturesque adventures in the East, reported success in Australia, and in London the experience of being

stranded. Under the circumstances, even in the character of *Leah, the Forsaken*, in one of the dreariest of old-fashioned plays, she appealed to the imagination; but, after one scene, I found my interest flagging. As *Leah*, Miss O’Neil, to me, at any rate, seemed merely the conventional melodramatic actress, with a hoarse voice; even her appearance made no impression. So, when she reached Boston and announced performances of “Hedda Gabler” and “Magda,” I felt little interest. As *Magda* I had seen six celebrated actresses, including Bernhardt, Duse and Modjeska; and of “Hedda Gabler,” as given for one performance, five years before, by Miss Elizabeth Robbins and by a fine supporting company, I retained a vivid memory. But when Miss O’Neil had played *Hedda Gabler* for a few times something unusual happened: two women, not professional dramatic critics, known to be authorities in drama, wrote to the *Boston Transcript*, to let playgoers know that an unknown actress of rare gifts was appearing in their city. At about the same time I heard people whose opinions I valued speak with surprise and delight of Miss O’Neil’s acting. It was plain that literary Boston was groping toward the out-of-the-way, absolutely unfashionable Columbia Theater, usually given up to musical comedies of the cheaper kind, or not used at all. One night I went to

see her and, during the first act I watched her with astonishment; the *Leah*, of Chicago, had become another creature, a woman of vibrant sensibility, insidiously diabolical in face and bearing, refined, in spite of occasional faint lapses in speech, and absolutely faithful to the dramatist's intention. Miss Robbins had explained the character of *Hedda Gabler*, much as a teacher of acting might explain it; but Miss O'Neil was the woman. That performance provided a luminous illustration of the effect of good material on an actress of insight and temperament. It was plain that Miss O'Neil belonged to the higher drama.

Brilliant as her achievement was in the Ibsen play, Miss O'Neil did not leave me prepared for her work in the "Fires of St. John." It is possible that in other rôles she has equaled the performance she gave on the first night in Sudermann's play; but I doubt it. I doubt if any actress now before the public, with the exception of Duse or Bernhardt, could equal it. Miss O'Neil is said to be so keenly influenced by the characters she plays that her identification with them causes her acute suffering. Until I saw her the other night I considered all such tales about acting either press-agent stories or the expression of affectation. But the very appearance of this actress conveyed this sense of a rare creature struggling with affliction. Her demeanor had a distinction that I could compare only with Duse's in "The Dead City." There was not the least suggestion of conscious woe, such as Mrs. Fiske and many other players, less gifted, so easily create. It was this complete absorption of the actress in the character that gave the impersonation throughout its absolute simplicity and truth. In the earlier and more colloquial scenes Miss O'Neil did not once depart from an easy conversational tone, which her clear diction made perfectly intelligible. There was still

to be observed the hoarseness that I had noticed in Chicago; but it had ceased to be disagreeable; at times it seemed to disappear altogether. It was a quality of voice that some people would call "haunting," and it was easily recognizable as the "veiled voice," frequently found among players of Irish extraction. It is Miss O'Neil's correct use of it that keeps it from being an inadequate vehicle of speech.

In the first act, too, Miss O'Neil showed most noticeably her power of facial expression. Here she departed altogether from the conventional symbols employed even by clever players. In the more emotional scenes, when she cried, she was not the refined actress expressing emotion in a refined way; she was a woman, with her face distorted and stained with weeping; when she spoke it was with the broken voice of real grief, and she employed tones almost never heard in the theater, agonizing tones of human suffering. During the whole act her interpretation of the character had a truly marvelous consistency. It seemed too real, too poignantly moving, to be a mere impersonation.

After seeing such acting, one instinctively feared for the work of the actress in the rest of the piece. It created the feeling that she had established for herself standards too high to be maintained. The first act had given only a hint of the tragedy that was to result from the relations of the high-strung adopted daughter to her pretty superficial foster-sister and the foster-sister's impulsive and ambitious husband-to-be. For its truth to human character, the first act was almost beyond criticism. But in the second act the dramatist departed from the highways of life to introduce a melodramatic element in the appearance of the supposed mother of the adopted girl, a thieving gypsy. Even here, however, the dramatist's fine method almost triumphed over the sensational situation. Accepting the prem-

ises, one must acknowledge that the meeting between the girl and the gypsy could not have been more finely done. It contained not the faintest hint of mawkishness; the girl's shrinking from her mother struck the deep note of tragedy. Here Miss O'Neil was supremely fine in her restraint and dignity. Indeed she played the whole act unfalteringly, even in the scene where the stricken girl and her foster-sister's betrothed betray that they have secretly loved each other for years, a scene that might have been ruined by the slightest exaggeration or insincerity on her part. It was in the third act, on the eve of St. John's day, a night given over in some parts of Northern Europe to fantastic orgies, that Sudermann developed the poetry from which his play derived its inspiration. The two unhappy lovers, caught in the meshes of temptation, and believing that they are both outcasts, she the daughter of a vagabond and thief, and he the son of a disgraced suicide, abandon themselves to each other with the hope of snatching one hour of happiness. Their efforts to resist, their despair, their final yielding, all developed a climax, sensational, it is true, but vital and stirring. In this scene Miss O'Neil had her greatest opportunities for emotional expression, and she rose to them with the power of a Bernhardt. Her intensity in this scene found a contrast in the absolute quiet at the close of the play, where the two lovers renounced each other. It is here that the actress proved most incontrovertibly her real quality as an artist by never yielding to the temptation to express more than was set down for her.

One may question the ethics of such a play as "Fires of St. John," but no one can doubt its exceptional merits as an acting play. Its appeal is always to an intelligent human sympathy, and it has genuine emotional depth. It provides possibilities for acting so unusual, both in the character of the woman and

the man, that it will undoubtedly hold the stage for many years. Indeed, the man's part is almost as powerful as the woman's, though the character is not so vividly projected. Structurally, the piece may not be so fine as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," but it is worthy of being placed in the class with that greatest of English dramas produced within the last twenty-five years. The version used by Miss O'Neil was by no means above reproach, and, during the second act, I had a suspicion that something had been cut to the detriment of the theme's development. At any rate, as the version then stood, there was something wrong with that second act; as painters say, it did not explain itself. As in all of Sudermann's plays, each character was carefully outlined, making a perfectly consistent and clear portrait, and, in spite of the somewhat lurid quality of the theme, the play left the sense of a typical German background. The warm-hearted but stern and dogmatic German father was particularly well done. It is true that he suggested the father of *Magda*, but *Magda's* father is a type that repeats itself innumerably in German households. In Germany a society ought to be formed for the suppression of tyrannical old fathers. Less warrantable, perhaps, was the introduction of a gentle and pure-minded clergyman as the stricken girl's hopeless lover. Here Sudermann duplicated, not merely a type that he used in "Magda," but a situation as well. Of these two plays, by the way, it would not be surprising if "Fires of St. John" should take the higher place. "Magda" is by far the more realistic; not for one moment does it depart from its close adherence to life. In "Fires of St. John," however, Sudermann, inspired doubtless by the symbolism of the theme, did not hesitate to depart from realism and to break into strains of poetic exaltation. Here, even more than in his other plays, he suggests

the influence of Ibsen. He avoids, altogether, the tendency which so seriously marred *Es lebe das Leben*, produced last year by Mrs. Patrick Campbell under the title of "The Joy of Living," to fall into long passages of dreary and monotonous writing. In "Fires of St. John" there is not one uninteresting moment.

So great was the artistic success of Miss O'Neil at the Columbia Theater that, when her engagement ended there, she was transferred to more fashionable quarters for a series of *matinées*, at the Tremont. Here she attracted increasingly large audiences. What her future will be is, like everything in the theater, problematic. Of course, much will depend on her experience in New York, where she is to play a late-winter engagement. She ought to occupy a great place and she ought to be assigned the great parts. She would make, for example, a superb *Mariamne* in the "Herod" of Mr. Stephen Phillips. For years this play has been kept in manuscript in this country, first, by Mr. Richard Mansfield, and now by Mr. Charles Frohman. So petty are the considerations that influence actors nowadays that only the exceptionally generous-minded actor would care to star in "Herod" on account of the fine op-

portunities given to *Mariamne*. But an actor might be found who would be willing to share starring honors with so brilliant a performer as Miss O'Neil. The practical difficulty in the way of this actress is that she is associated with a manager in opposition to the syndicate. So she has had to play chiefly in the inferior theaters, and in many other ways she has been seriously handicapped. But her gifts are so exceptional that it is possible they will break down every barrier. So rarely does a great actress appear on the stage that it is pitiful there should be any doubt about her future. It would seem as if her future ought to take care of itself, or as if the public ought to take care of it. But, unfortunately, the conditions of theatrical life make such assurances impossible.

On seeing Miss O'Neil one can not but wonder at the secret of her power. Her art is so true that what she does seems easy; it puts to shame all the affectations of the theater and it makes the spectator ask why all players are not like her. The explanation is that in Miss O'Neil a great nature has appeared on the stage, a nature superior to mere artifice and capable of expressing truly and sympathetically a wide range of human experience.

Be Kind to Posterity

B. L. T.

WHEN thousands of guineas are eagerly tossed
For a copyist's copy of "Paradise Lost,"
We geniuses should, when we typewrite our wares,
Slip a carbon sheet in for humanity's heirs.

The Power of a Word

BY CLARA MORRIS

NOW for justice' sake let me say right here, at the beginning, that when I first recognized the value of a word, I was wearing my hair in tails, my skirts were short, and on every week-day I was compelled to don that humiliating garment a white apron. In old woman's parlance I was "a slip of a thing of twelve risin' thirteen." So should the impulse seize you to hurl anathema upon me, say excusingly instead, it was a sin of her youth, she was only "twelve risin' thirteen."

In my little-girl days I was intensely and happily religious. True, some two or three preachers had been making me feel that my particular brand of religion was rather foolishly simple and easy to understand, for I knew naught, you see, of sect or dogma, of articles of faith, and hadn't even heard that the churches of Jerusalem, of Alexandria, and of Antioch had erred. Predestination or transubstantiation would have been Greek to me; I only loved tenderly, reverently the brave, all-enduring, all-pardoning Christ; honestly believing His simple, direct and positive words were enough to save a dozen worlds. To-day I might cry with that distracted father in the Testament: "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief!"—but then, being only "twelve risin' thirteen" there was no unbelief about it—there could be none!

Naturally then I had the Sunday-

school habit, beyond hope of cure; had acquired it even before I was entrusted with the care of my own handkerchief; while yet it was pinned securely to my dress-skirt, in such a way as to make it useless for legitimate service; and an anxious parent in placing the missionary penny in my hand would finally remind me "Now don't get lost—see that you watch for and pass the engine-house, and turn at the big red building with blue paper window shades—turn to the left going, the side your sash is tied on. Then coming back, when you see the blue paper shades, turn to the side your handkerchief's on."

These were complicated directions, and I had my verses to recall, and my copper penny to guard, and my stiff little skirt to protect from smirch of any kind, and many small troubles of my own. But they were all forgotten, once I was inside the Sunday-school—and oh, that dearest teacher! I do not know her name; through all these long years she has lived in my memory, simply as the "Pinky Teacher," because she had pink flowers inside her bonnet. They lit up all the gray old basement-room, and she had bright blue eyes, that fairly danced sometimes, when she had loosened our shyly silent tongues and set them wagging. She answered little girls' questions, too, though there were times when she used to pass her handkerchief slowly over

her face, before she answered mine. I couldn't guess why—and she used to kneel down, and very low, say a prayer for her class before dismissal time. We were over in a corner and she did things quite her own way.

And those lovely prayers—so simple, so trusting. As she went on, we began to press up closer, and when she felt the one next to her nestling up to her side she would unclasp her hands and stretch one arm out over us so that each felt her touch; and we were like so many chicks, sheltered by a protecting mother. And oh, how we did believe in and love the God she told us about! Dear Pinky Teacher!—who knew how to open the eyes and hearts of little children to wondrous truths!

Having thus acquired the Sunday-school habit at that early age, it was perfectly natural that at twelve I should find a place in the Sunday-school nearest at hand, one established by a small and struggling Methodist Church it was, and as I sat in my place one morning, gorged with verses and primed with questions, the Superintendent—a spare old man, who made some of the children think he had four eyes because he invariably wore his spectacles on the top of his bald head—came tipping over to me, and touching me on the shoulder, said: "Carrie"—for the name Clara was not in favor with old-fashioned people, while the porridgy Carrie was,—hence, Carrie—"I am just informed that Mrs. Bristow has moved away. Her lambs are without a leader [her lambs, by the way, were generally known as Mrs. Bristow's scalawags], and I—er—er think you are—er well competent, to—er take them in hand. They are—er very juvenile, and—er, they are—well—just step over with me and—er I'll place you as teacher, over these dear—er hopes of the future;" and it did really seem that things looked dark for the future, as, too shy to protest against the honor

and the authority thus thrust upon me, I sank into the place formerly occupied by the buxom Mrs. Bristow.

As I waited for my heart to steady down from its unpleasantly rapid action, my "lambs," seated for the most part on their shoulder blades, sized me up with impudent, knowing eyes. Of respectable birth and honest parentage, they were arabs by instinct, and their relations with the Sunday-school were mercenary and even meretricious to a degree; they being bright and attentive just before Christmas and filled with touching zeal at picnic season, but falling into utter indifference between times; while their leader, Tommy Britton, had been guilty of mismanagement of church funds, having diverted to the service of his "gang" many coppers intended for the comfort of the heathen. And I, who had many a time seen him fire the first spitball at the crown of Mrs. Bristow's bonnet, dared not turn my head lest I should feel the *ping* of one beneath the brim of *my* hat.

A hymn brought them to their feet, and I noticed they sang it nearly through without looking at their books—they liked singing.

Then I made a plunge. I said I would hear them recite their verses, and pretended I had not noticed either Jimmy Hill's assurance that "I wouldn't hear him say no verses, 'cause he didn't know any," nor the general giggle that followed.

I asked where the lesson was; and little Tommy Britton sniffed and said: "A—aw she knows," and I leaned over the partition, between the pews and asked old Mrs. White—who wore steel-rimmed spectacles and a gray mustache—where the lesson was, and was told with a condescending, "well, my suz" manner: "John—chapter 11" and she "guessed" Mrs. Bristow had pushed and plodded 'em to about the 34th verse."

While I was turning the leaves of

my Bible, an open row broke out and two boys struggled violently to change places. I knew in a moment what that meant: Mrs. Bristow had allowed them to recite each one verse, beginning at one end and working down the line, and the shortest verse in the Bible occurred in this lesson—hence these lambs were tearing the wool off each other's backs to secure the position that would give one of them the coveted “Jesus wept” verse.

I laid down my Bible and grabbed by the backs of their necks the wrestling pair. As I jerked them apart, I said: “You can fight on Monday till you can't see, but in Sunday-school you'll behave yourselves. Now sit down where you were!”

“Naw,” they responded simultaneously, while each kicked at my shins. Then I caught and seated one of them on the uncushioned bench with a crack that made the rest wriggle sympathetically—while the party of the second part seated himself hastily.

Then we began—oh, such recitation, prompted, pushed!—Tommy, the dreadful, was the only one who really knew a verse or two,—and such heart-breaking indifference. They sat way down on their shoulders, and gazed dully about the room, or hooked their little fingers in the corners of their mouths and stretched them at nervous small girls across the aisle. Then I began to question them about the meaning of the verses. The boy who had recited “Jesus wept,” could only say “Dunno!” to all questions. I passed on to Tommy: “Why had Jesus wept?” After crossing his eyes at the boy who had failed, he answered: “Why, wasn't he sorry for that feller, that Lazarus, that was dead,—er—er for them people that was—er cryin' about him in the graveyard?”

I felt the blood rush to my cheeks and impulsively I exclaimed: “Tommy Britton, go up head!” Ah, attention

was aroused at last. Every one clambered up into a proper sitting position and watched Tommy eagerly, who was saying doubtfully “I—I—don't know which is head.”

Neither did I know head from tail, but I knew the mere changing of place as a reward was having an effect, so I gravely pointed to the left corner of the pew, and Tommy occupied it, making faces of derision, as he passed, at his gang.

Just then came an unfortunate interruption to my labors. The Superintendent addressed with much hem'mg and haw'ing a request to the teachers, to—er, to explain—that was to—er give a little talk to their classes on the subject of the crucifixion.

I gasped—my hands turned cold! Oh, I thought, why did he place me in this position? How can one speak of that awful tragedy to these boy monsters of ignorance and disrespect and of utter indifference!

I faced my five small arabs. I glanced helplessly over at Mrs. White. Her boys were not paying one bit of attention; but she was already prosing away, telling them that at chapter 19th of the Book of St. John, they would find all about the Crucifixion. That they must ask their dear parents to read it to them—as she was about to do now.

If I followed her example, I felt they would dully dose off, or impishly stick pins, or pull faces, or put their feet on the book-rack in front of them. I asked a few faltering questions—“I dunno,” was the inevitable answer. Almost I gave up. Then I tried to talk a bit about the scenery—the people surrounding that stupendous sacrifice, at which the world shook, the earth was rent and the Heavens darkened to midnight blackness! I dared not look at their bored faces, so I had fixed my eyes upon the upper panes of the ugly unstained window. I was speaking only

of externals, trying to win attention, as with colored primer pictures. I told of the dense crowds, of the fierce soldiers, of their short broad-swords, of their long cruel spears, of cries and groans and laughter mixed. Of those suffering women, kept afar off by the soldier guards. I—yes, I think I had forgotten my refractory small arabs for a bit; I think I was talking a little to my own moved self—when I told about the three great crosses and the weight of agony they bore! Of the tortured, nail-torn flesh, of the burning sun, the maddening thirst, of the intended shame and degradation to our dear Lord—the innocent one, who had helped the poor and cured the sick, and been very patient with the rich and insolent, and very tender of little children; and whom they placed in mockery between two sinners, wicked men, who had broken laws and stolen and lied and maybe killed. Thieves they were, but now they suffered cruelly, and though they were rougher, stronger men than the innocent one between them, they could not bear their torture without loud cries and groans and sometimes wicked words, great swearing words the pain wrung from them. While the gentle Christ who had yet another torment to bear—and here I had to swallow back my rising tears—in that Crown of strong sharp thorns, that so pierced His sacred head at every movement, that He—that He— In my pause a small hand was clawing at my skirt, and a strained boyish voice stammered anxiously: “W-w-why, wasn’t he game?”

In the shock of that dreadful word I recoiled physically from its irreverence, and my eyes fell upon a row of attentive faces; and in that insistent, clawing little hand, in the eager questioning eyes of Tommy, there was a tense interest and no irreverence at all. Like lightning I thought: to correct him now for that shocking word will break

the charm of his interest and throw him back mortified and sullen upon his impish self. Better a temporary acceptance of the situation with correction later on, I decided. So I answered: “Yes—oh, yes—he was—was very, very brave.”

I saw a clouding in the uplifted eyes and realized then and there the power of a word. I drew one hard breath, and used it: “Oh,” I faltered, “He was more ‘game’ in His suffering for us, than was any soldier who ever lived and died, before or since in the whole world!”

Color rose in the lad’s face—he drew a long deep breath: “Ain’t you glad? that—that was ’cause He was God wasn’t it? But say—[with frowning troubled brows], what made Him do it?”

“Oh, Tommy, you know quite well why our Lord died!”

Tommy ignored my words—he went on kicking his copper toes viciously against the seat in front of him: “Say, what did He let ’em come and hurt Him like that for, when He was so good? If He could make that Lazarus come alive ag’in, He could make a lot of them soldier fellers dead, couldn’t He?”

“Bet He could!” said Jimmy Hill, and wagged his round head appreciatively. “And they ought to have got it, too,” added Tommy, “and then He could have gone away with the ones He was good friends with, and—and—not died up there [his lips were really trembling], on that—that great—thing. Anyway I wouldn’t a done it—and [defiantly] I don’t see why He wanted to nuther.”

I passed my handkerchief over my damp and corrugated brow and suddenly recalled my Pinky-Teacher’s action. “Oh,” I thought, “surely I never, never asked her such tormenting questions, as do these—er ‘hopes of the future’ ask of me.”

Just then a new voice at my right

said: "Well, why did He want'er?" and there, hanging by his armpits over the pew partition, was the red-headed boy of Mrs. White's class; who was craning his neck in an effort to hear what was being said.

"A-a-ah, get off'en there!" cried Jimmy Hill, "or I'll chuck a hymn book at yer head!"

"Make him unhook hisself off that rail!" entreated Tommy, "he's stealin' our lesson! Make him go back to his own teacher!"

"A-ah," complained the red-haired, "she ain't tellin' us no stories!"

"Then what is she doin'?" asked a hitherto silent boy.

"Why, losin' her place and then huntin' it up ag'in."

And then with the unbreakable tenacity of childhood they were back to the unanswered question: "Why, etc."

Evidently I had too successfully impressed my class with the purely physical side of that monstrous tragedy. How could I bring to their childish minds one faintest gleam of comprehension of that loving willingness to suffer, that so shames and yet so thrills the heart of Humanity! I looked thoughtfully at Tommy Britton, for there was something alert about his inquisitive nose and freckled eyes that made me turn to him as the probable leader of a crowd. Freckled eyes? oh, yes, you must have seen the like in some boy; blue eyes freckled thick, with small red-brown specks. Ugly? of course, yet in Tommy's case dark lashes and swiftly dilating pupils softened the ugliness wonderfully.

Slowly I said: "Tommy, if you were very, very fond of some one now, perhaps your mother, or your father, or maybe of your——"

"A-ah," half jeeringly broke in Jimmy Hill, "he's got a littler brudder than him, and ye' darsent so much as cross ye' eyes at 'im."

"That's all right," ominously re-

marked Tommy, "you ain't tellin' me of no other little boy that can put a marker on 'im anyway."

"Is he pretty?" I asked, casually.

Tommy grinned—he sent a half embarrassed, half threatening glance toward the other lambs, as he answered, "He's only so high," measuring about the height of a family coffee-pot. "And his hair is yellér and soft—curly all over his head."

"Then he must be very pretty," I declared, and Tommy's face reddened.

"Well, now, suppose this little brother had been told again and again not to go to the pantry and ste—er hook cookies and jellies [up went the backs of several hands to hide guilty grins], and suppose he disobeyed, and at last mother said, 'The next time—since coaxing and reasoning and warning of the sickness that may come from eating too much of sweets is all in vain, since you won't obey me for love, why, the next time you do wrong I shall whip you!' [Tommy shut his lips tight.] Then suppose the little brother took the cake again and you knew your mother would surely keep her word, you would feel awfully unhappy. [He twisted about in his seat uncomfortably.] Then when the little brother got frightened, and turned very pale, and you thought of the whip making red welts on the fat little legs ["Don't!" gasped Tommy—but I went on]—you would know quite well that he really deserved the whipping after being warned so many times, yet you would feel so sick with misery at the suffering awaiting him, that, I believe you would go to your mother and beg of her to let you take the whipping for him? [He nodded vigorously.] Though you don't like whippings, you would ask to bear it for little brother, because you—notice this Tommy—you would say to yourself, 'When brother sees what I am standing and taking for him he will know how I love him, and—and,'

are you listening, Tommy Britton?—‘he will be ashamed ever to disobey mother again.’ You would do all that for little Curly-Head, wouldn’t you? [He nodded.] Yet *he* would be guilty and you innocent.”

He looked up quickly—his eyes were wide and bright: “Do yer mean”—he hesitated. “Was that why He let ‘em put Him on the big cross, when He was God’s Son all the time, ‘cause—’cause—?”

“Yes, because people were so wicked, God’s patience was all worn out, but our Saviour loved them and pitied them so, that He begged to come and try to make them better, and they wouldn’t understand, and so rather than give them up, He died for them.”

“He must have cared a hull lot?”

“He did,” I answered.

“Well, He can’t be hurted now!” he said with evident satisfaction, giving a little hitch to his shoulders.

“Oh, yes, He can!” I contradicted.

“W-what?” a look of utter blank amazement came into his face.

“You are little yet, but you can hurt Him—so can I. We do hurt Him, even up in Heaven, when we forget to love Him—when we make Him feel that He suffered for nothing.”

“A-ah, that’s mean!” said Tommy. “Say, I’m goin’ to learn a lot of verses for next Sunday, and I’m goin’ ter bring my boy cousin with me, and I won’t keep back no more pennies neither.”

Then I asked: “Where would you like to have your lesson next week?” but the boys squirmed and left the choice to me.

“Say!” called the red-headed boy, “I’m comin’ in your class next time, where I can hear the stories.”

“If yer do I’ll kick yer shins!” answered Tommy. “Keep yer own teacher, this one is ours!”

I selected the Sermon on the Mount for next Sunday’s consideration. Books

were given out—a hymn was roared—the contributions taken up—a few stammering remarks were made by the Superintendent; and I went calmly forth from my labors, as a Sunday-school teacher, little dreaming of the fine work the enthusiastic Tommy was to get in on me, ere the sun went down.

Tommy had never paused, but hopped home and made his excited report: “Say, Ma, Mis’ Bristow’s moved away, so she can’t be teacher no more!”

“My suz! I’m sorry, she was a nice Christian woman—though not fond of lendin’ things. I s’pose old Mrs. White took on her class, erlong with her own?”

“Not much she didn’t! Mr. Blakely give us a bully teacher! She ain’t a grown-up; she’s that Carrie, that’s stayin’ with Mis’ Mason.”

“For land’s sake!” cried Mrs. Britton. “What ever can she know ‘bout Bible study and Sunday trainin’?”

“Huh! you bet she can tell you things ‘bout them Bible doin’s—say Ma, did you know the ground busted open and big winds roared and folks was crazy frightened, when it got all dark that time, when they put up the three big crosses? You did? Then why didn’t you tell me about it? Say, Ma, she says”—ah, it is needless to repeat here Tommy’s full report of the morning’s doings; suffice it to say that the belief firmly fixed in the appalled Mrs. Britton’s mind was that *I* had said, that our Master was unhappy up in very Heaven—and that He, the blessed one, loved us because we were so bad, and He didn’t want us whipped, though we knew we ought to get it for our wickedness—and final desecration, I had said, oh, Tommy Britton!—*I*, mind you, had said, that the Blessed Master was “game—more game in dying for other people than all the soldiers in the whole world had been!”; and with a screech Mrs. Britton had de-

clared her intention of flying to the minister to report that sacrilegious word.

In the meantime Tommy studied verses diligently, and Sunday found eight lambs awaiting me—Tommy's cousin having brought a freckled friend, and the red-haired neighbor having boldly left his own class, to the displeasure of Mrs. White.

The verses had been recited, and in some way I had come to mention the brothers, Simon called Peter, and Andrew—who were fishermen.

Tommy eagerly asked: "W-w-was they settin' on spiles, while they fished?"

Of course I knew where he got his idea from, I had seen men often enough seated on the Lake spiles—but Peter and Andrew, grave and picturesque, with their great broken nets—truly it was hard not to laugh.

We were pleasantly surprised then by the presence of the minister. He walked about, and twice, yes, three times he paused near my "lambs," and when we raised our eyes he moved away, quickly.

Mr. Blakely announced, stammeringly, that he had to thank—yes, to thank our young friend Carrie for so—er—kindly helping them out, and—er—she would now—er—be doubtless glad to—er, resume her old place, and Mrs. White would now strain a point, and combine the two classes.

Silence fell. Then shrill and high came Tommy's voice: "We won't come then—no we won't—for she don't tell us nothin'!"

"The school is dismissed," said the minister, and we all turned to go. But Tommy and Jimmy cast short, fierce arms about my waist and clung desperately.

"Say," said Tommy, "can't you set outside on the front steps and give us our lessons; say, can't you?"

Thus I even more fully realized the

power of a word, for this one could not only move a child's imagination and thrill his little heart, but it was strong enough to depose me from my high standing as teacher and send me back to tutelage.

Soon after, the theatre loomed up large in my pathway—the door was open—I entered and worked long and faithfully. At last I came back to the old home-city as a star. I stole away one day to go and see my old-time friends, the Masons. At table I met an elderly man, whose name I did not catch—but whose start when I spoke to him was quite visible. It was soon evident that I worried him in some way. Suddenly his face cleared, and behind his napkin he certainly laughed.

"Carrie," remarked shortly after my hostess, "I don't think you quite caught our friend's name. It's Harper."

"Is it?" I replied. "Well, what am I to do with it? By the way, though, you used to have a minister here when I was still a child, by that name?"

"Same man," said Mr. Mason in a whisper. "And he says you used to have a class in his Sunday-school."

"Yes, I remember," I admitted; "but he is changed greatly."

On rising from table our ministerial friend joined us, and smilingly remarked to me: "Your eyes bothered me from the first, but your voice settled the question of identity, though you have changed the way of wearing your hair."

"So have you," I broke in, for he was now quite bald and wore a long beard. "Ah," he smiled, "you were very young, but you were a good teacher of small boys. Only that 'word' was stronger than I was. Do you remember it?"

"Game," I pronounced with the tips of my lips.

"Yes," he sighed; "and I was not game enough to stand by you, in a very interesting experiment. Well, I always felt you'd do something, some time, but I never expected to see my deposed Sunday-school teacher twinkling bravely as a star in the Theatrical Firmament."

"Ah, but you see," I smiled, "the theatre always gives swift and liberal recognition to the power of a word, while you, sir," I added, respectfully, "both through loving preference and college training, care only for the power of 'The Word.'"

Processional and Recessional

BY EMERY POTTEL

I

WE of the morning have sung to Pan,
We of the dawn have danced
Whither the tides of sun-gold ran,
Whither the shadows chanced.

We of the morning have laughed at Life,
Kissed him our finger-tips;
Drunk with Gladness and diced with Strife,
Jesting with careless lips.

We of the morning have dwelt with Spring—
Spring of the flow'r-sweet face,
Told our loves on an idle string,
Prayed for a lover's grace.

II

WE of the evening have dreamed our dreams,
We of the night have wept;
Stars have faded from twilight streams,
Stars in the skies have slept.

We of the evening have borne a cross—
A cross on a wintry hill;
Counted as gain where we reckoned loss,
Suffered, smiled—and been still.

We of the evening have had the morn,
We of the night, the dawn;
Ashes of memory lie forlorn
Whither the flame has gone.

Countries I Have Never Seen

BY BERNARD G. RICHARDS

V—TURKEY

HERE really are some Turks in Turkey, although one hears so much about Albanians, Arabs, Armenians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Macedonians and Servians living (as long as they are allowed to) in the country that their existence becomes somewhat doubtful. According to intimations occasionally received from the people just indicated there are genuine Mussulmans in the land. All these people have vivid impressions of the natives and their reports are not to be doubted. Without the presence of real Turkish Turks the disappearance of so many Armenians, Macedonians and others could not be explained. If Turkey had not the largest population of any country on the face of the earth the printed reports of the thousands upon thousands of people killed there every day would be unaccountable.

There are, however, so many foreigners in Turkey that the supply seems to be equal to the demand. When not engaged in this system of annihilation, the Turk sits cross-legged upon the floor, drinks black coffee and smokes Turkish cigarettes. Thus he is regarded as living a strenuous and intellectual life. A Turk may marry as many women as he loves and a few more for convenience. He may marry his first love, his fiancée, the girl with money,

his typewriter, the girl he golfs with, his sister's chum, his platonic friend, the girl he loves, the girl who jilted him, the girl he jilted, the girl his mother wants him to marry, the girl to whom, according to Dame Rumor, he is engaged, the girl he flirts with, the girl who bores him, the interesting girl, and the girl who sings and plays the piano. In short, there are no limitations, and unrestricted bigamy is in complete consonance with his religion which enjoins a multitude of wives,—and the Turk is very pious. These many consorts transact his entire business for him; this enables him to pursue a leisurely existence. The offspring of all these entangling alliances are candidates for governmental positions, of which there are so many that thousands of officials are constantly required for new recruits; thousands more are needed to verify the honesty of those who are already in office and as many more minions of the law to watch the watchers and prevent salaries from reaching their destinations. These salaries are small and seldom visible, but the honors and grafts are great in this land of political jobs. There are ten officials to every postal-card sold in a Turkish post-office, and these "assistants of the Sultan" take care of every penny that comes in. In fact

they give the Sultan so much assistance that he is now a very sick man and has not paid himself his salary for many years. Some say that he has misappropriated the money for his own use. Foreigners in Turkey have their own post-office in order to avoid burdening the officials with their mail.

The Turk is now resting on his former laurels: all his thoughts have been expressed, all his poetry has been written, hundreds of years ago. He is now taking his vacation—and his black coffee. Progress has been retarded for a couple of centuries and the mental restfulness of the country is delightful,—particularly so to the sick Sultan and to his government. The people are permitted great liberty, the peasants being allowed to remain in poverty, in their dingy huts, and not compelled to live the higher life. Daring brigands still infest the country, but they do not trouble the natives much; they are now devoting their entire attention to female missionaries from America. Not having any titles these brigands are forced to lay in wait until some American woman comes to their country; then they can obtain possession of the money without being obliged to retain the lady. When the person in question is a missionary the brigands consider it their duty to prove that Turkey has a religion of its own.

Of course there are not so many brigands engaged in this pursuit as there once were,—so many of them have become government officials. It is believed by the Turks that the Sultan is the ruler of the earth,—a belief which he does not hesitate to encourage. If he is defeated in war he returns to tell of his great magnanimity in allowing the enemy to depart unmolested; this, added to the reports of the newspapers, which relate nothing but the official truth, strengthens the faith of the people.

Relieving the monotonous landscape

are many little round, red-roofed mosques in which people assemble to take off their shoes and pray. These prayers are full of love for all humanity. Here is one of them:

"I seek refuge with Allah from Satan, the rejeem, the accursed. In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful! O Lord of all Creatures! O Allah! destroy the infidels and polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of the religion! O Allah! make their children orphans, and defile their abodes, and cause their feet to slip; and give them, and their families, and their households, and their women, and their children, and their relatives by marriage, and their brothers, and their friends, and their possessions, and their race, and their wealth, and their lands, as booty to the Muslims, O Lord of all Creatures!"

This prayer has the true ring of sincerity. It denotes true religion, and the desire for booty comes from the heart. The religion of the Turks who accept Mohammed is based upon a wonderful miracle. Mohammed the prophet asked a mountain to come over and see him, but the mountain, being older than Mohammed, didn't feel like it; so, lo and behold! Mohammed walked over to the mountain. This unheard-of miracle so impressed the minds of the people that Mohammed's religion has grown and flourished ever since. It was through this miracle also that the Prophet discovered the law of the least resistance; and his people have since been following this law to the very letter.

The many foreigners in Turkey give color, spice and variety to the country, their diverse customs investing life with great interest for the tourist; and each different nationality exclaims against the Turk in a different tone and curses him in a different tongue.

When the civilized world protests against the treatment that the Armen-

ians receive from the Turks the latter direct their hostility against the Macedonians in order to divert the attention of the civilized world from Armenia.

Tourists are royally entertained in the castle of Yildiz Kiosk by the Sultan who detains them there as his guests as long as possible, in order that they may

not ascertain what is going on in the country. This scheme is so successful that the home-coming tourist gives a glowing report of the nation; fully convinced that there is nothing the matter with Turkey and that the Sultan is a gentleman, a scholar and a good judge of saki and mèzè.

Two Windows

BY AGNES LEE

I ONLY see (I dwell so high)
The tallest tree-top on the sky.

Claire hath an attic window, too;
But never doth the sun gleam through.

She looks on domes and grimy towers,
And many clocks that clang the hours.

She says she likes the city's way,
That all her life is holiday.

But once at noon I chanced to meet
Our Claire upon the city street,

Her face so white, I knew the stress,—
I knew her heart's great loneliness!

Oh! sometimes there's a cloud I see
Between the blessed sun and me.

And sometimes there's a sound I hear,
Alone, when dusk is drawing near,

A sound like song in wayward flight,
Or laughter on the wings of night.

Now keep me near thee, sweet warm sky,—
Mine attic is so safe, so high!

Fate, hold me here,—be all I know
The topmost wave of apple-blow!

Life and J. M. Barrie

BY LOUIS LIPSKY

THE Minor Singer sings himself out in his song, and especially so is it the case with James Matthew Barrie. His garden is a little one, but he fosters only beautiful flowers. His romances and fantasies are all tinged with a whimsical unreal reality, but he never can hide his fine personality, which is visible with good-humored cordiality on every page he has ever written. He is not a Jean Paul Richter and prefers the valley to the mountain, the province to the metropolis, the normal to the picturesque. The whole world is only an enlarged Barrie world, and like the countryman who comes to town he compares everything with the familiar landmarks of his beloved village.

There is no writer of our day who so completely gives himself over to his readers and yet with so small a world to exhibit. There is no place in this sad world of ours where Barrie does not find his corner of Scotland; all his windows open upon Thrums, wherever he may be. All dime novels must be like those read by Tommy and Corp in the Glen. Poachers must be troubled lovers, like Rob Angus, and they are involved in the same embarrassments. The Great Men are larger than their Field of Fiction, but Mr. Barrie is just equivalent to his world of imagination, and no more. We know every nook in his garden, and so ingenuous is he that one forgets that it is a small place and imag-

ines that there are wonders on wonders to be discovered there; yet one had better not try. Only what Mr. Barrie wants you to see, must you open your eyes to. And you may be sure that he will never fail to touch what he does want you to see with poetical allusion, convincing by reason of its freshness and truth, charming in its naïveté, and stimulating by reason of its delightful delight in life; with such a gardener one may travel confidently.

You cannot hold Mr. Barrie to the canons of formal art. He is an evasive subject. He wheedles you into smiling. You cannot open your eyes to faults when he says "Take me as I am." If you do not take him as he is, you must pass him by, he will not talk to you. Mr. Barrie leaps the fences of his critics; he does not love to argue; his charm cannot be analyzed. There is his work before you as contradictory as you please, but you must love or you can't understand. Speak unkindly to Grizel, and Mr. Barrie will have nothing, nothing to do with you; he will ask Grizel to take a stroll with him, and she will fade away from you reproachfully.

The kindness Mr. Barrie asks of you for his beloved ones, he himself possesses. Thackeray, you will remember, loved to bully his characters, especially his youthful heroes (if he ever had one). True enough, said Thackeray, in effect, they should have some sym-

pathy, but shall an honest novelist neglect to give them a scolding when they deserve it? But Mr. Barrie cannot scold—never. Even Tommy never gets what he deserves, a good shaking up from Mr. Barrie. He will remonstrate with his characters like a mother, and should it be required, by his sense of poetic justice, that a gladsome ending be provided, he does it as if he owed some reparation for making the life of his people so sad in so many chapters. He knows how to get around them with flattery, which always ends with a sweet maternal caress. Though Sentimental Tommy was a wonder, his creator is even more wonderful.

Ah, dear Jimmy, you know you will never see a villain. "There never was a villain in Thrums," you cry, "and I dare you to produce one," but then you close your eyes. You will not see the unbeautiful things, but prefer to ignore them. If your eyes ever opened on the unlovely, you would ingeniously ask us to look the other way, to admire the landscape, or Grizel's beautiful eyes.

The charm of Mr. Barrie, or his distinction, lies in his wonderful intimacy with his dream children. Just as Charles Lamb was finely intimate with his readers, so is Mr. Barrie with his fiction people. One feels in all of his characters a reflection of oneself, slightly varied to accord with their individual experiences. The Grizel type is in many a story. Though Tommy was born late in Barrie's day, he found a "w'y" to get into earlier novels, with a few changes in his "make-believes"; and since his awful fictitious death, he has been resurrected, though Mr. Barrie does not want us to know it. He looks at us through the smoke of the Arcadia Mixture (where can we ordinary mortals get it, Mr. Barrie?) and, let us whisper it, he it is who masquerades as the crusty old bachelor in "The Little White Bird"; of course the Tommy of the early days.

Mr. Barrie is brimful of sentiment, which now and then overflows and becomes sentimentality. And we suspect that the explanation may be drawn from his books and it amounts to the following:

The world is a cruel master, it insists on readjustment. This flower does not thrive in this plot of ground; uproot it and place it where it will get the nourishment it demands. This being cannot find place in the humdrum provincial town; away with you to the city, with a tearing at the roots, and taste life as it is precipitated in Piccadilly.

Once a growing boy leaves Home, he can never return to it, for it remains stationary while he grows. But that Home takes being in his dream of life, which he can never live again. When one's thoughts wander back (and when do they not?) the Home is colored with all the poetry of the thing that was and can never be the same again. The man fears to return lest his dream be spoiled by the reality. He loves to see it in the distance, a night's ride may reach it, but he knows, with what sadness, that he can never again enter the house, that he can never again take up his life there. Home thereafter and forever becomes a precious memory, never to be regained; he has lived himself out of it. That experience is sung in Heine's poems. It is the sad heritage of all the great and the small, who have become pioneers, delvers in new soil, influenced by new surroundings. You remember Maupassant's pathetic story of the Little Soldiers who used to go to the suburbs of Paris to see a little meadow which reminded them of their Breton home; they would never see their home; they could not interpret the feeling of homelessness. You may have heard stories of immigrants who come to the Land of Promise and soon wail that here nothing is as it was in the old country. They return to the old-country grown-up men and women, but the old

Home, where they were born, is quite unbearable. The old was beautiful, but it is memory, not Home. So the immigrant returns to this country, but finds no satisfaction here; he is, as a writer has put it, a broken blade; it may put on the semblance of wholeness, but the fact is it is broken in twain. The Home is neither there where he first took root, nor is it in the new land, in the new environment.

This rending in twain is a persistent influence on Mr. Barrie's writings. Thrums has given him forth, but London provides him only with temporary lodging. The doors of Thrums are closed to him. In the great city are men of affairs, professional men, good men, friends, but out there is Thrums, where are the men who saw him grow up, women who stood by his cradle, who may have helped bury his father or his grandfather. Every stick and stone is known to him there, but when he looks back from London, the goal of his youthful ambition, he feels glad that he can retain fresh and true at least the memory of the old. But he knows it can never be his Home. Life to him has been a ride from Thrums to London, and when he returns, his friends will wipe the dust from the best chair and he will be "Mr. Barrie." There will be other children in the Glen, there will be other games, and he is afraid the tears will come. Only a man who has thus parted with his youth can become sincerely sentimental about it. Mr. Barrie has been infused with a deep sympathy by it, and a knowledge of human life, for he has felt Fate at the roots of his being. He is always estheticizing his dreams of youth, and all life is colored by the great field which was his when life was fresh. His sentiment is his striving to heal the fracture in the blade, his beautiful fancies are called forth to bridge the chasm from Thrums to London.

That is why Mr. Barrie is so concerned with sentiment and with beautiful things. And what has sentiment to do with the hurly-burly of real life? Business is nothing to him. Science is a dry-as-dust affair. He is interested in persons, and only half of a person is his business. The dulness of trade he leaves to the dull. The question of income is a minor consideration. It is only useful as an ending to a fine romance. Who cares what Tommy earns, or Rob Angus? Take it for granted that Tommy is no midnight burglar and day-light gentleman of leisure. Mr. Barrie never wants to give you a discourse on life; he wants you to feel a child-like delight in life, for it is his childhood which is his everlasting dream-country.

You cannot explain your love for Mr. Barrie as you may explain your liking for Dickens, your loyalty to George Eliot, your admiration for Hardy, your affection for Stevenson. For Mr. Barrie is a better novel than any of the stories or plays he has ever written. We know nothing directly of his personality, but there he is fully in what he gives to his readers. You love him, if one *may* try to explain it, for his sincerity, his sympathetic expression, his wholesome interest in life, his delicious humorous sense, and the noble optimism of his nature.

The Minor Singer sings his song fully as sincerely as he who sits in the high courts of the gods. Some sing for all time, for they are seated high; they sing for audiences that may come up the wheel of time in the long days of the hereafter. The Minor Singer sings for us, and only for us, you and me; he feels himself near us; the future may be beyond his ken; but he is not troubled by his limitations. It is for the good cheer of the men and women of his day that he sings, and if it be a good song, as are all Mr. Barrie's, all hail to him!

The Pit-Falls of Book Titles

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

"**E**XCUSE me, but I'm not quite sure about the title of the book I want. Is it 'The Crockett Minister' by Stickit or 'The Stickit Minister' by Crockett?" In this inquiry the librarian is at least offered an alternative, instead of being met, as in another case, by a point-blank demand for "The Stuck-up Minister." The occupation of dealing out books from behind a counter to satisfy an eager thirst for knowledge (or amusement) has doubtless much drudgery and tedium in it, but the relief afforded by some of the applications must be considerable. When a reader who desires Collins's "Queen of Hearts" asks for his "Ace of Spades," or when "The Scarlet Letter" is transformed into "The Red Badge," there is certainly provocation for a sudden smile. It takes some shrewdness, too, to recognize "Ecce Homo" and "Ecce Deus" under "Echo of Hummo" and "Echo of Deas." "The Count of Corpus Christi" is more easily intelligible.

Perhaps a more frequent mistake of the book borrower or buyer is a misunderstanding of the character of a volume through something ambiguous or misleading in its title. One of the classic instances of this was the reception of Ruskin's "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," an ecclesiastical discussion, which had for a time a considerable run among moorland farmers. Burton—not the Burton whose "Anatomy of Melancholy" has

sometimes found itself in the medical department of a library, but the Burton who wrote "The Book-hunter"—declares that he could point to a public library in England whose keeper justified his high character for classification by binding this Ruskin pamphlet between "Suggestions as to Eating off Turnips with Stock" and "An Inquiry concerning the Best Materials for Smearing." Another of Burton's stories relates how at a certain auction "McEwen on Types"—a theological book on the Mosaic law—provoked a brisk bidding between a city artisan and a burly farmer. The latter was successful, but after a few minutes examination tossed it across to the other with an oath, saying that he "thought it was a buik upo' the tups" (or rams). His competitor also declined the purchase. He was a compositor and expected a treatise on printing. Cattle breeders, it is alleged, have thrown away much good money on Edgeworth's "Irish Bulls," a book which in one catalogue appeared under the heading of Ruminantia. The library of the Glasgow Mechanics Institute once had "Werner on Mineral Veins" classified under Anatomy, and not many years ago in the Public Library at Melbourne could be seen a copy of Brachet's "French Etymology" with the word Entomology on its binding. In German bibliographies Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines" and Zangwill's "Mantle of Elijah" have found places in the

department of Old Testament Literature. The Imperial Geographical Society of Vienna issued a "Repertory of Papers on the Arctic and Antarctic Regions" which included mention of Lytton's "Falkland" among books on the Falkland Islands, and, among books on the general subject, "The Apostle of the North," really a biography of a clergyman in Ross, Scotland. In "The Bazaar," a London weekly paper devoted to sale and exchange, an advertisement of a copy of Wesley's "Journals" once figured among newspapers.

When experts go so far astray it is not surprising that the unskilled reader should be misled, and one feels ready to excuse the Scotch farmers for their error. So, too, one need not be very hard on the members of Parliament of whom Mr. H. W. Lucy speaks in one of his political diaries. They had been appointed as a Select Committee on the Sunday closing of saloons in Ireland, and, being anxious to obtain the widest information on the subject, ordered five copies of a work they saw adver-

tised under the title of "Times of Refreshing in Spain." When the parcel was delivered it was found to consist of copies of a quarterly periodical published by the Spanish Evangelization Society. More disturbing still must have been the experience of a certain clergyman who was giving in his parish room a lecture on natural history, and was dilating on the superiority of creative science to frivolous fiction. Incidentally he needed a copy of Lubbock's "Ants," and sent a servant home to his library for it. She declared on returning that she could not find that volume, but had brought instead Ouida's "Moths." Another story of the confusion resulting from ignorance of natural history is told by Sir M. E. Grant Duff in a volume of reminiscences. A friend of his, much interested in botany, told him that a girl investigating his library found at last amid the dreary waste of scientific literature something that looked attractive. "Oh," she gleefully exclaimed, "here is a novel—'Flora of Middlesex'!"

The Thirst for Glory

BY ERNEST NEAL LYON

JULIUS CAESAR.—How are the first five books of my "Commentaries" selling?

HIS PUBLISHER.—Very slowly. We printed your account of how you held the MS. over your head and swam the river in Gaul. But Cassius is out with a statement that you have too much *gall*!

JULIUS CAESAR.—And I had hoped those books would make me immortal! I have some more volumes ready, but I suppose I may as well cremate them.

(*Soliloquizes.*)

There is no other way. I must get myself assassinated!

The Bishop's Carriage

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON

XIV

HE started as though he couldn't believe his eyes when he saw me.

"The Lord hath delivered mine enemy into my hand," shone in his evil little face.

"Why, Mr. Tausig," I cried, before he could get his breath. "How odd to meet you here! Did you find a baby, too?"

"Did I find—" He glared at me. "I find you; that's enough. Now—"

"But the luncheon was to be at twelve-thirty," I laughed. "And I haven't changed my dress yet."

"You'll change it all right for something not so becoming if you don't shell out that paper."

"Paper?"

"Yes, paper. Look here, if you give it back to me this minute—now—I'll not prosecute you for—for—"

"For the sake of my reputation," I suggested softly.

"Yes," he looked doubtfully at me, mistrusting the amiable deference of my manner.

"That would be awfully good of you," I murmured.

He did not answer, but watched me as though he wasn't sure which way I'd jump the next moment.

"I wonder what could induce you to be so forgiving," I went on musingly. "What sort of paper is this you miss? It must be valuable—"

"Yes, it's valuable all right. Come on, now! Quit your fooling and get

down to business. I'm going to have that paper."

"Do you know, Mr. Tausig," I said impulsively, "if I were you, and anybody had stolen a valuable paper from me, I'd have him arrested. I would. I should not care a rap what the public exposure did to his reputation so long—so long," I grinned right up at him, "so long as it didn't hurt me, myself, in the eyes of the law."

Mad? Oh, he was hopping! A German swear-word burst from him. I don't know what it meant, but I can imagine.

"Look here, I give you one more chance," he squeaked; "if you don't—"

"What'll you do?"

I was sure I had him. I was sure, from the very whisper in which he had spoken, that the last thing in the world he wanted was to have that agreement made public by my arrest. But I tripped up on one thing. I didn't know there was a middle way for a man with money.

His manner changed.

"Nance Olden," he said aloud now, "I charge you with stealing a valuable private paper of mine from my desk. Here, Sergeant!"

I hadn't particularly noticed the Sergeant standing at the other door with his back to us. But from the way he came at Tausig's call I knew he'd had a private talk with him,

and I knew he'd found the middle way.

"This girl's taken a paper of mine. I want her searched," Tausig cried.

"Do you mean," I said, "that you'll sign your name to such a charge against me?"

He didn't answer. He had pulled the Sergeant down and was whispering in his ear. I knew what that meant. It meant a special pull and a special way of doing things and—

"You'll do well, my girl, to give up Mr. Tausig's property to him," the Sergeant said stiffly.

"But what have I got that belongs to him?" I demanded.

He grinned. "We've a way of finding out, you know, here. Give it up or—"

"But what does he say I've taken? What charge is there against me? Have you the right to search any woman who walks in here? And what in the world would I want a paper of Tausig's for?"

"You won't give it up then?" He tapped a bell.

A woman came in. I had a bad minute there, but it didn't last; it wasn't the matron I'd brought the baby to.

"You'll take this girl into the other room and search her thoroughly. The thing we're looking for—" The Sergeant turned to Tausig.

"A small paper," he said eagerly. "A—a contract—just a single sheet of legal cap paper it was, typewritten and signed by myself and some other gentlemen, and folded twice."

The woman looked at me. She was a bit hard-mouthed, with iron-gray hair, but her eyes looked as though they'd seen a lot and learned not to flinch, though they still felt like it. I knew that kind of look—I'd seen it at the Cruelty.

"What an unpleasant job this of yours is," I said to her, smiling up at her for all the world as that tike of a

baby had smiled at me, and watching her melt just as I had. "I'll not make it a bit harder. This thing's all a mistake. Which way? . . . I'll come back, Mr. Tausig, to receive your apology, but you can hardly expect me to go to lunch after this."

He growled a wrathful, resenting mouthful. But he looked a bit puzzled just the same.

He looked more puzzled yet, even bewildered, when we came back into the main office a quarter of an hour later, the woman and I, and she reported that no paper of any kind had she found.

Me? Oh, I was sweet amiability personified with the woman and with the Sergeant, who began to back water furiously. But with Tausig—

What? You don't mean to say you're not on, Mag? Oh, dear, dear, it's well you had that beautiful wig of red hair that puts even Carter's in the shade; for you'd never have been a success in—in other business I might name.

Boozled the woman? Not a bit of it; you can't deceive women with mouths and eyes like that. It was just that I'd had a flash of genius in the minute I heard Tausig's voice, and in spite of my being so sure he wouldn't have me arrested I'd—

Guess, Mag!

The baby, of course! In the moment I had—it wasn't long—I'd stooped down, pretending to kiss that cherub good by, and in a jiffy I'd pinned that precious paper with a safety-pin to the baby's under-petticoat, preferring that risk to—

Risk! I should say it was. And now it was up to Nance to make good.

While Tausig insisted and explained and expostulated and at last walked out with the Sergeant—giving me a queer last look that was half-cursing, half-placating—I stood chatting sweetly with the woman who had searched me.

I didn't know just how far I might go with her. She knew the paper wasn't on me, and I could see she was disposed to believe I was as nice as she'd have liked me to be. But she'd had a lot of experience and she knew, as most women do even without experience, that if there's not always fire where there is smoke, it's because somebody's been clever enough and quick enough to cover the blaze.

"Well, good by," I said, putting out my hand. "It's been disagreeable but I'm obliged to you for—why, where's my purse! We must have left it—" And I turned to go back into the room where I'd undressed.

"You didn't have any."

The words came clear and cold and positive. Her tone was like an icicle down my back.

"I didn't have any!" I exclaimed. "Why, I certainly—"

"You certainly had no purse, for I should have seen it and searched it if you had."

Now, what do you think of a woman like that?

"Nancy Olden," I said to myself, more in sorrow than in anger, "you've met your match right here. When a woman knows a fact and states it with such quiet conviction, without the least unnecessary emphasis and not a superfluous word, 'ware that woman. There's only one game to play to let you hang 'round here a bit longer and find out what's become of the baby. Play it!"

I looked at her with respect; it was both real and feigned.

"Of course, you must be right," I said humbly. "I know you wouldn't be likely to make a mistake, but, just to convince me, do you mind letting me go back to look?"

"Not at all," she said placidly. "If I go with you there's no reason why you should not look."

Oh, Mag, it was hard lines looking.

Why?—Why, because the place was so bare and so small. There were so few things to move and it took such a short time, in spite of all I could do and pretend to do, that I was in despair.

"You must be right," I said at length, looking woefully up at her.

"Yes; I knew I was," she said steadily.

"I must have lost it."

"Yes."

There was no hope there. I turned to go.

"I'll lend you a nickel to get home, if you'll leave me your address," she said after a moment.

Oh, that admirable woman! She ought to be ruling empires instead of searching thieves. Look at the balance of her, Mag. My best acting hadn't shaken her. She hadn't that fatal curiosity to understand motives that wrecks so many who deal with—we'll call them the temporarily unstraight. She was satisfied just not to let me get ahead of her in the least particular. But she wasn't mean, and she would lend me a nickel,—not an emotionally extravagant ten-cent piece, but just a nickel,—on the chance that I was what I seemed to be.

Oh, I did admire her; but I'd have been more enthusiastic about it if I could have seen my way clear to the baby and the paper.

I took the nickel and thanked her, but effusiveness left her unmoved. A wholesome, blue-gowned rock with a neat, full-bibbed white apron; that's what she was!

And still I lingered. Fancy Nancy Olden just heartbroken at being compelled to leave a police station.

But there was nothing for it. Go, I had to. My head was a-whirl with schemes coming forward with suggestions and being dismissed as unsuitable; my thoughts were flying about at such a dizzy rate while I stood there in the doorway, the woman's patient hand on

the knob and her watchful eyes on me, that I actually—

Mag, I actually didn't hear the matron's voice the first time she spoke.

The second time, though, I turned—so happy I could not keep the tremor out of my voice.

"I thought you had gone long ago," she said.

Oh, we were friends, we two. We'd chummed over a baby, which for women is like what taking a drink together is for men. The admirable dragon in the blue dress didn't waver a bit because her superior spoke pleasantly to me. She only watched and listened.

Which puts you in a difficult position when your name's Nance Olden—you have to tell the truth.

"I've been detained," I said with dignity, "against my wish. But that's all over. I'm going now. Good by." I nodded and caught up my skirt. "Oh!" I paused just as the admirable dragon was closing the door on me. "Is the baby asleep? I wonder if I might see her once more."

My heart was beating like an engine gone mad, in spite of my careless tone, and there was a buzzing in my ears that deafened me. But I managed to stand still and listen, and then to walk off, as though it didn't matter in the least to me, while her words came smashing the hope out of me.

"We've sent her with an officer back to the neighborhood where you found her. He'll find out where she belongs, no doubt. Good day."

XV

Ah, me, Maggie, the miserable Nance that went away from that station! To have had your future in your grasp, like that one of the Fates with the string, and then to have it snatched from you by an impish breeze and blown away, goodness knows where!

I don't know just which way I turned after I left that station. I didn't care where I went. Nothing I could think of gave me any comfort. I tried to fancy myself coming home to you. I tried to see myself going down to tell the whole thing to Obermuller. But I couldn't do that. There was only one thing I wanted to say to Fred Obermuller, and that thing I couldn't say now.

But Nance Olden's not the girl to go 'round long like a molting hen. There was only one chance in a hundred, and that was the one I took, of course.

"Back to the Square where you found the baby, Nance!" I cried to myself. "There's the chance that that admirable dragon has had her suspicions aroused by your connection with the baby, that she hadn't known before, and has already dutifully notified the Sergeant. There's the chance that the baby is home by now, and the paper found by her mother will be turned over to her papa; and then it's good by to your scheme. There's the chance that—"

But in the heart of me I didn't believe in any chance but one—the chance that I'd find that blessed baby and get my fingers just once more on that precious paper.

I blew in the A. D.'s nickel on a cross-town car and got back to the little Square. There was another organ-grinder there grinding out coonsongs, to which other pickaninnies danced. But nary a little white bundle of fluff caught hold of my hand. I walked that Square till my feet were sore. It was hot. My throat was parched. I was hungry. My head ached. I was hopeless. And yet I just couldn't give it up. I had asked so many children and nurse-maids whether they'd heard of the baby lost that morning and brought back by an officer, that they began to look at me as though I was not quite right in my

mind. The maids grabbed the children if they started to come near me, and the children stared at me with big round eyes, as though they'd been told I was an ogre who might eat them.

I was hungry enough, too. The little fruit stand at the entrance had a fascination for me. I found myself there time and again, till I got afraid I might actually try to get off with a peach or a bunch of grapes. That thought haunted me. Fancy Nance Olden starved and blundering into the cheapest and most easily detected species of thieving!

I suppose great generals in their hour of defeat imagine themselves doing the feeblest, foolishest things. As I sat there on the bench, gazing before me, I saw the whole thing—Nancy Olden, after all her bragging, her skirmishing, her hair-breadth 'scapes and successes, arrested in broad daylight and before witnesses for having stolen a cool, wet bunch of grapes, worth a nickel, for her hot, dry, hungering throat! I saw the policeman that 'd do it; he looked like that Sergeant Mulhill I met 'way, 'way back in Latimer's garden. I saw the officer that 'd receive me; he had blue eyes like the detective that came for me to the Manhattan. I saw the woman jailer—Oh, she was the A. D., all right, who'd receive me without the slightest emotion, show me to a cell and lock the door as calmly, as little triumphant or affected, as though I hadn't once outwitted that cleverest of creatures—and outwitted myself in forestalling her. I saw—

Mag, guess what I saw! No, truly; what I really saw? It made me jump to my feet and grab it with a squeal.

I saw my own purse lying on the gravel almost at my feet, near the little fruit-stand that had tempted me.

Blank empty it was, stripped clean, not a penny left in it, not a paper, not a stamp, not even my key. Just the same I was glad to have it. It linked

me in a way to the place. The clever little girl that had stolen it had been here in this park, on this very spot. The thought of that cute, young Nance Olden distracted my mind a minute from my worry—and, oh, Maggie darlin', I was worrying so!

I walked up to the fruit-stand with the purse in my hand. The old fellow who kept it looked up with an inviting smile. Lord knows, he needn't have encouraged me to buy if I'd had a penny.

"I want to ask you," I said, "if you remember selling a lot of good things to a little girl who had a purse this—this morning?"

I showed it to him, and he turned it over in his crippled old hands.

"It was full then—or fuller, anyway," I suggested.

"You wouldn't want to get her in trouble—that little girl?" he asked cautiously.

I laughed. "Not I. I—myself—"

I was going to say—well, you can imagine what I was going to say, and that I didn't say it or anything like it.

"Well—there she is, Kitty Wilson, over yonder," he said.

I gasped, it was so unexpected. And I turned to look. There on one of the benches sat Kitty Wilson. If I hadn't been blind as a bat and full of trouble,—oh, it thickens your wits, does trouble, and blinds your eyes and muffles your ears!—I'd have suspected something at the mere sight of her. For there sat Kitty Wilson enthroned, a hatless, lank little creature about twelve, and about her, clustered thick as ants around a lump of sugar, was a crowd of children, black and white, boys and girls. For Kitty—that deplorable Kitty—had money to burn; or what was even more effective at her age, she had goodies to give away. Her lap was full of spoils. She had a sample of every good thing the fruit-stand

offered. Her cheeks and lips were smeary with candy. Her dress was stained with fruit. The crumbs of cake lingered still on her chin and apron. And Kitty—I love a generous thief—was treating the gang.

It helped itself from her abundant lap; it munched and gobbled and asked for more. It was a riot of a high old time. Even the birds were hopping about as near as they dared, picking up the crumbs, and the squirrels had peanuts to throw to the birds.

And all on Nancy Olden's money!

I laughed till I shook. It was good to laugh. Nancy Olden isn't accustomed to a long dose of the doleful, and it doesn't agree with her. I strolled over to where my guests were banqueting.

You see, Mag, that's where I wouldn't rank with the A. D. I'm too inquisitive. I want to know how the other fellow in the case feels and thinks. It isn't enough for me to see him act.

"Kitty," I said—somehow a twelve-year-old makes you feel more of a grown-up than a twelve-months-old does—"I hope you're having a good time, Kitty Wilson, but—haven't you lost something?"

She was chewing at the end of a long string of black candy—shoestrings, all right, the stuff looks like—and she was eating just because she didn't want to stop. Goodness knows, she was full enough. Her jaws stopped, though, suddenly, as she looked from the empty purse in my outstretched hand to me, and took me in.

Oh, I know that pause intimately. It says: "Wait a minute, till I get my breath, and I'll know how much you know and just what lie to tell you."

But she changed her mind when she saw my face. You know, Mag, if there's a thing that's fixed in your memory it's the face of the body you've done up. The respectables have their rogues' gallery, but we, that is, the

light-fingered brigade, have got a fools' gallery to correspond to it.

In which of 'em is my picture? Now, Margaret, that's mean. You know my portrait hangs in both.

I looked down on the little beggar that had painted me for the second saloon and lo, in a flash she was on her feet, the lapful of good things tumbled to the ground, and Kitty was off.

I was bitterly disappointed in that girl, Mag! I was altogether mistaken in my diagnosis of her. Hers is only a physical cleverness, a talented dexterity. She had no resource in time of danger but her legs. And legs will not carry a grafter half so far as a good, quick tongue and a steady head.

She halted at a safe distance and glared back at me. Her hostility excited the crowd of children—her push—against me, and the braver ones jeered the things Kitty only looked, while the thrifty ones stooped and gathered up the spoil.

"Tell her I wouldn't harm her," I said to one of her lieutenants.

"She says she won't hurt ye, Kit," the child screamed.

"She dassent," yelled back Kitty, the valiant. "She knows I'd peach on her about the kid."

"Kid! What kid?" I cried, all a-fire.

"The kid ye swiped this mornin'. Yah! I told the cop what brought her back how ye took her jest as I—"

"Kitty!" I cried. "You treasure!" And with all my might I ran after her.

Silly? Of course it was. I might have known what the short skirts above those thin legs meant. I couldn't come within fifty feet of her. I halted, panting, and she paused, too, dancing tantalizingly half a block away.

What to do? I wished I had another purse to bestow on that sad Kitty, but I had nothing, absolutely nothing, except—all at once I remembered it—that little pin you gave me for

Christmas, Mag. I took it off and turned to appeal to the nearest one of the flying body-guard that had accompanied us.

"You run on to her and tell her that if she'll show me the house where that baby lives I'll give her this pin."

He sped on ahead and parleyed with Kit; and while they talked I held aloft the little pin so that Kit might see the price.

She hesitated so long that I feared she'd slip through my hands, but a sudden rival voice piping out, "I'll show ye the house, Missus," was too much for her.

So, with Kit at a safe distance in advance to guard against treachery, and a large and enthusiastic following, I crossed the street, turned a corner, walked down one block and half up another, and halted before a three-story brownstone.

I flew up the stairs, leaving my escort behind, and rang the bell. It wasn't so terribly swagger a place, which relieved me some.

"I want to see the lady whose baby was lost this morning," I said to the maid that opened the door.

"Yes'm. Who'll I tell her?"

Who? That stumped me. Not Nance Olden, late of the Vaudeville, later of the Van Twiller, and latest of the police station. No—not Nance Olden . . . Not . . .

"Tell her, please," I said firmly, "that I'm Miss Murieson, of the 'X-Ray,' and that the city editor has sent me here to see her."

That did it. Hooray for the power of the press! She showed me into a long parlor, and I sat down and waited.

It was cool and quiet and softly pretty in that long parlor. The shades were down, the piano was open, the chairs were low and softly cushioned. I leaned back and closed my eyes, exhausted.

And suddenly—Mag!—I felt some-

thing that was a cross between a roseleaf and a snowflake touch my hand.

If it wasn't that delectable baby!

I caught her and lifted her to my lap and hugged the chuckling thing as though that was what I came for. Then, in a moment, I remembered the paper and lifted her little white slip.

It was gone, Mag. The under-petticoat hadn't a sign of the paper I'd pinned to it.

My head whirled in that minute. I suppose I was faint with the heat, with hunger and fatigue and worry, but I felt myself slipping out of things when I heard the rustling of skirts, and there before me stood the mother of my baby.

The little wretch! She deserted me and flew to that pretty mother of hers in her long, cool white trailing things, and sat in her arms and mocked at me.

It was easy enough to begin talking. I told her a tale about being a newspaper woman out on a story; how I'd run across the baby and all the rest of it.

"I must ask your pardon," I finished up, "for disturbing you, but two things sent me here—one to know if the baby got home safe, and the other," I gulped, "to ask about a paper with some notes that I'd pinned to her skirt."

She shook her head.

It was in that very minute that I noticed the baby's ribbons were pink; they had been blue in the morning.

"Of course," I suggested, "you've had her clothes changed and—"

"Why, yes, of course," said baby's mother. "The first thing I did when I got hold of her was to strip her and put her in a tub; the second, was to discharge that gossiping nurse for letting her out of her sight."

"And the soiled things she had on—the dress with the blue ribbons?"

"I'll find out," she said.

She rang for the maid and gave her an order.

"Was it a valuable paper?" she asked.

"Not—very," I stammered. My tongue was thick with hope and dread. "Just—my notes, you know, but I do need them. I couldn't carry the baby easily, so I pinned them on her skirt, thinking—"

The maid came in and dumped a little heap of white before me. I fell on my knees.

Oh, yes, I prayed all right, but I searched, too. And there it was.

What I said to that woman I don't know even now. I flew out through the hall and down the steps and—

And there Kitty Wilson corralled me.

"Say, where's that stick-pin?" she cried.

"Here!—here, you darling!" I said, pressing it into her hand. "And, Kitty, whenever you feel like swiping another purse—just don't do it. It doesn't pay. Just you come down to the Vaudeville and ask for Nance Olden some day, and I'll tell you why."

"Gee!" said Kitty, impressed. "Shall—shall I call ye a hansom, lady?"

Should she! The blessed inspiration of her!

I got into the wagon and we drove down street—to the Vaudeville.

I burst in past the stage doorkeeper, amazed to see me, and rushed into Fred Obermuller's office.

"There!" I cried, throwing that awful paper on the desk before him. "Now cinch 'em, Fred Obermuller, as they cinched you. It'll be the holiest blackmail that ever— Oh, and will you pay for the hansom?"

XVI

I don't remember much about the first part of the lunch. I was so hungry I wanted to eat everything in sight, and so happy that I couldn't eat a thing.

But Mr. O. kept piling the things on my plate, and each time I began to talk he'd say: "Not now—wait till you're rested, and not quite so famished."

I laughed. "Do I eat as though I was starved?"

"You—you look tired, Nance."

"Well," I said slowly, "it's been a hard week."

"It's been hard for me, too; harder, I think, than for you. It wasn't fair to me to let me—think what I did and say what I did. I'm so sorry, Nance,—and ashamed. So ashamed! You might have told me."

"And have you put your foot down on the whole thing; not much!"

He laughed. He's got such a boyish laugh in spite of his chin and his eye-glasses and the bigness of him. He filled my glass for me and helped me again the salad.

Oh, Mag, it's such fun to be a woman and have a man wait on you like that! It's such fun to be hungry and to sit down to a jolly little table just big enough for two, with carnations nodding in the tall slim vase, with a fat, soft-footed, quick-handed waiter dancing behind you, and something tempting in every dish your eye falls upon.

It's a gay, happy, easy world, Maggie darlin'. I vow I can't find a dark corner in it—not to-day.

None but the swellest place in town was good enough, Obermuller had said, for us to celebrate in. The waiters looked queerly at us when we came in—me in my dusty shoes and mussed hair and old rig, and Mr. O. in his working togs. But do you suppose we cared?

He was smoking and I was pretending to eat fruit when at last I got fairly launched on my story.

He listened to it all with never a word of interruption. Sometimes I thought he was so interested that he

couldn't bear to miss a word I said. And then again I fancied he wasn't listening at all to me; only watching me and listening to something inside of himself.

Can you see him, Mag, sitting opposite me there at the pretty little table, off in a private room by ourselves? He looked so big and strong and masterful, with his eyes half-closed, watching me, that I hugged myself with delight to think that I—I, Nancy Olden, had done something for him he couldn't do for himself.

It made me so proud, so tipsily vain, that as I leaned forward eagerly talking, I felt that same intoxicating happiness I get on the stage when the audience is all with me, and the two of us—myself and the many-handed, good-natured other fellow over on the other side of the footlights—go careering off on a jaunt of fun and fancy, like two good playmates.

He was silent a minute when I got through. Then he laid his cigar aside and stretched out his hand to me.

"And the reason, Nance—the reason for it all?"

I looked up at him. I'd never heard him speak like that.

"The reason?" I repeated.

"Yes, the reason."

"Why—to down that tiger Trust—and beat Tausig."

He laughed. "And that was all? Nonsense, Nance Olden, there was another reason. There are other tiger trusts. Are you going to set up as a lady errant and right all syndicate wrongs? No, there was another, a bigger reason, Nance. I'm going to tell it to you—What!"

I pulled my hand from his; but not before that fat waiter who'd come in without our noticing had got something to grin about.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said. "This message must be for you, sir. It's marked immediate, and no one else—"

Obermuller took it and tore it open. He smiled the oddest smile as he read it, and he threw back his head and laughed a full, hearty bellow when he got to the end.

"Read it, Nance," he said, passing it over to me. "They sent it on from the office."

I read it.

"Mr. Fred W. Obermuller, Manager
Vaudeville, New York City:

Dear Obermuller:—I have just learned from your little protégée, Nance Olden, of a comedy you've written. From what Miss Olden tells me of the plot and situations of 'And the Greatest of These'—your title's great—I judge the thing to be something altogether out of the common; and my secretary and reader, Mr. Mason, agrees with me, that properly interpreted and perhaps touched up here and there, the comedy ought to make a hit.

Would Miss Olden take the leading rôle, I wonder?

Can't you drop in this evening and talk the matter over? There's an opening for a fellow like you with us that's just developed within the past few days, and—this is strictly confidential—I have succeeded in convincing Braun and Lowenthal that their enmity is a foolish personal matter which business men shouldn't let stand in the way of business. After all, just what is there between you and them? A mere trifle; a misunderstanding that half an hour's talk over a bottle of wine with a good cigar would drive away.

If you're the man I take you for you'll drop in this evening at the Van Twiller and bury the hatchet. They're good fellows, those two, and smart men, even if they are stubborn as sin.

Counting on seeing you to-night, my dear fellow,

I am most cordially,

I. M. TAUSIG."

I dropped the letter and looked over at Obermuller.

"Miss Olden," he said severely, coming over to my side of the table, "have you the heart to harm a generous soul like that?"

"He—he's very prompt, isn't he, and most—"

And then we laughed together.

"You notice the letter was marked personal?" Obermuller said. He was still standing beside me.

"No—was it?" I got up, too, and began to pull on my gloves; but my fingers shook so I couldn't do a thing with them.

"Oh, yes, it was. That's why I showed it to you. . . . Nance—Nance, don't you see that there's only one way out of this? There's only one woman in the world that would do this for me and that I could take it from."

I clasped my hands helplessly. Oh, what could I do, Maggie, with him there and his arms ready for me!

"I—I should think you'd be afraid," I whispered. I didn't dare look at him.

He caught me to him then.

"Afraid you wouldn't care for an old fellow like me?" he laughed. "Yes, that's the only fear I had. But I lost it, Nancy, Nancy Obermuller, when you flung that paper down before me. That's quite two hours ago—haven't I waited long enough?"

* * * * *

Oh, Mag—Mag, how can I tell him? Do you think he knows that I am going to be good—good! That I can be as good for a good man who loves me as I was bad for a bad man I loved!

XVII

PHILADELPHIA, January 27.

Maggie, dear:

I'm writing to you just before dinner while I wait for Fred. He's down at the box-office looking up advance sales.

I tell you Maggie Monahan, we're strictly in it—we Obermullers. That Broadway hit of mine has preceded me here, and we've got the town, I suspect, in advance.

But I'm not writing to tell you this. I've got something more interesting to tell you, my dear old Cruelty chum.

I want you to pretend to yourself that you see me, Mag, as I came out of the big Chestnut Street store this afternoon, my arms full of bundles. I must have on that long coat to my heels, of dark, warm red, silk lined, with the long, incurving back sweep and high chinchilla collar that Fred ordered made for me the very day we were married. I must be wearing that jolly little red cloth toque caught up on the side with some of the fur.

Oh, yes, I knew I was more than a year behind the times when I got them, but a successful actress wears what she pleases, and the rest of the world wears what pleases her, too. Besides, fashions don't mean so much to you when your husband tells you how becoming—but this has nothing to do with the Bishop.

Yes, the Bishop, Mag!

I had just said "Nance Olden—" To myself I still speak to me as Nancy Olden; it's good for me, Mag; keeps me humble and forever grateful that I'm so happy. "Nance, you'll never be able to carry all these things and lift your buful train, too. And there's never a hansom 'round when it's snowing and—"

And then I caught sight of the carriage. Yes, Maggie, the same fat, low, comfortable, elegant, sober carriage, wide and well kept, with rubber tired wheels. And the two heavy horses, fat and elegant and sober, too, and wide and well kept. I knew whose it was the minute my eyes lighted on it, and I couldn't—I just couldn't resist it.

The man on the box—still wide and well kept—was wide awake this time.

I nodded to him as I slipped in and closed the door after me.

"I'll wait for the Bishop," I said, with a red-coated assurance that left him no alternative but to accept the situation respectfully.

Oh, dear, dear! It was soft and warm inside as it had been that long, long-ago day. The seat was wide and roomy. The cushions had been done over—I resented that—but though a different material, they were a still darker plum. And instead of "Quo Vadis," the Bishop had been reading "The Resurrection."

I took it up and glanced over it as I sat there; but, you know, Mag, the heavy-weight plays never appealed to me. I don't go in for the tragic—perhaps I saw too much of the real thing when I was little.

At any rate, it seemed dull to me, and I put it aside and sat there absent-mindedly dreaming of a little girl-thief that I knew once when—when the handle of the door turned and the Bishop got in, and we were off.

Oh, the little Bishop—the contrast between him and the fat, pompous rig caught me! He seemed littler and leaner than ever, his little white beard scantier, his soft eye kindlier and his soft heart—

"God bless my soul!" he exclaimed, jumping almost out of his neat little boots, while he looked sharply over his spectacles.

What did he see? Just a red-coated ghost dreaming in the corner of his carriage. It made him doubt his eyes—his sanity. I don't know what he'd have done if that warm red ghost hadn't got tired of dreaming and laughed outright.

"Daddy," I murmured sleepily.

Oh, that little ramrod of a Bishop! The blood rushed up under his clear, thin, baby-like skin and he sat up straight and solemn and awful—awful as such a tiny bishop could be.

"I fear, Miss, you have made a mistake," he said primly.

I looked at him steadily. "You know I haven't," I said gently.

That took some of the starch out of him, but he eyed me suspiciously.

"Why don't you ask me where I got the coat, Bishop Van Wagenen?" I said, leaning over to him.

He started. I suppose he'd just at that moment remembered my leaving it behind that day at Mrs. Ramsay's.

"Lord bless me!" he cried anxiously. "You haven't—you haven't again—"

"No, I haven't." Ah, Maggie, dear, it was worth a lot to me to be able to say that "no" to him. "It was given to me. Guess who gave it to me."

He shook his head.

"My husband!"

Maggie Monahan, he didn't even blink. Perhaps in the Bishop's set husbands are not uncommon, or very likely they don't know what a husband like Fred Obermuller means.

"I congratulate you, my child, or—or did it—were you—"

"Why, I'd never seen Fred Obermuller then," I cried. "Can't you tell a difference, Bishop?" I pleaded. "Don't I look like a—an imposing married woman now? Don't I seem a bit—oh, just a bit nicer?"

His eyes twinkled as he bent to look more closely at me.

"You look—you look, my little girl, exactly like the pretty, big-eyed, wheedling-voiced child I wished to have for my own daughter."

I caught his hand in both mine. "Now, that's like my own, own Bishop!" I cried.

Mag—Mag, he was blushing like a boy, a prim, rather scared little schoolboy that somehow, yet—oh, I knew he must feel kindly to me! I felt so fond of him.

"You see, Bishop Van Wagenen," I began softly, "I never had a father and—"

"Bless me! But you told me that day you had mistaken me for—for him."

The baby! I had forgotten what that old Edward told me—that this trusting soul actually still believed all I'd told him. What was I to do? I tell you, Mag, it's no light thing to get accustomed to telling the truth. You never know where it'll lead you. Here was I—just a clever little lie or two and the dear old Bishop would be happy and contented again. But no; that fatal habit that I've acquired of telling the truth to Fred and to you mastered me—and I fell.

"You know, Bishop," I said, shutting my eyes and speaking fast to get it over—as I imagine you must, Mag, when you confess to Father Phelan—"that was all a—a little farce-comedy—the whole business—all of it—every last word of it!"

"A comedy!"

I opened my eyes to laugh at him; he was so bewildered.

"I mean a—a fib; in fact, many of them. I—I was just—it was long ago—and I had to make you believe—"

His soft old eyes looked at me unbelieving. "You don't mean to say you deliberately lied!"

Now, that was what I did mean—just what I did mean—but not in that tone of voice.

But what could I do? I just looked at him and nodded.

Oh, Maggie, I felt so little and so nasty! I haven't felt like that since I left the Cruelty. And I'm not nasty, Maggie, and I'm Fred Obermuller's wife, and—

And that put a backbone in me again. Fred Obermuller's wife just won't let anybody think worse of her than she can help—from sheer love and pride in that big, clever husband of hers.

"Now, look here, Bishop Van

Wagenen," I broke out, "if I were the abandoned little wretch your eyes accuse me of being I wouldn't be in your carriage confessing to you this blessed minute when it'd be so much easier not to. Surely—surely in your experience you must have met girls that go wrong—and then go right forever and ever, Amen. And I'm very right now. But—but it has been hard for me at times. And at those times—ah, you must know how sincerely I mean it—at those times I used to try to recall the sound of your voice, when you said you'd like to take me home with you and keep me. If I had been your daughter you'd have had a heart full of loving care and considerateness for me. And yet, if I had been, and had known that benevolent fatherhood, I should need it less—so much less than I did the day I begged a prayer from you. . . . But—it's all right now. You don't know—do you?—I'm Nance Olden."

That made him sit up and stare, I tell you. Even the Bishop had heard of Nancy Olden. But suddenly, unaccountably, there came a queer sad look over his face, and his eyes wouldn't meet mine.

I looked at him puzzled. "Tell me what it is," I said.

"You evidently forget that you have already told me you are the wife of Mr.—Mr. Ober—"

"Obermuller. Oh, that's all right." I laughed aloud. I was so relieved. "Of course I am, and he's my manager, and my playwright, and my secretary, and—my—my dear, dear boy. —There!" I wasn't laughing at the end of it. I never can laugh when I try to tell what Fred is to me.

But—funny?—that won him.

"There! There!" he said, patting me on the shoulder. "Forgive me, my dear. I am indeed glad to know that you are living happily. I have often thought of you—"

"Oh, have you?"

"Yes—I have even told Mrs. Van Wagenen about you and how I was attracted to you and believed—ahem!"

"Oh—Oh, have you!" I gave a wriggle as I remembered that maltese lace Maria wanted and that I—ugh!

But luckily, he didn't notice. He had taken my hand and was looking at me over his spectacles in his dear, fatherly old way. "Tell me now, my dear, is there anything that an old clergyman can do for you? I have an engagement near here and we may not meet again. I can't hope to find you in my carriage many more times. You are happy—you are living worthily, child? Pardon me, but the stage—"

Oh, the gentle courtesy of his manner! I loved his solicitude. Father-hungry girls like us, Maggie, know how to value a thing like that.

"You know," I said slowly, "the thing that keeps a woman straight and a man faithful is not a matter of bricks and mortar nor ways of thinking nor habits of living. It's something finer and stronger than these. It's the magic taboo of her love for him and his for her that makes them—sacred. With that to guard them—why—"

"Yes, yes," he patted my hand softly. "Still the old see the dangers of an environment that a young and impulsive woman like you, my dear, might be blind to. Your associates—"

"My associates? Oh, you've heard about Beryl Blackburn. Well—she's—she's just Beryl, you know. She wasn't made to live any different. Some people steal and some drink and some gamble and some . . . Well, Beryl belongs to the last class. She doesn't pretend to be better than she is. And, just between you and me, Bishop, I've more respect for a girl of that kind than for Grace Weston, whose husband is my leading man, you know. Why, she pulls the wool over his eyes and makes him the laughing-stock of the company. I can't stand her any

more than I can Marie Avon, who's never without two strings—"

All at once I stopped. But wasn't it like me to spoil it all by bubbling over? I tell you, Maggie, too much truth isn't good for the Bishop's set; they don't know how to digest it.

I was afraid that I'd lost him, for he spoke with a stately little primness as the carriage just then came to a stop; I had been so interested talking that I hadn't noticed where we were driving.

"Ah, here we are!" he said. "I must ask you to excuse me, Miss—ah, Mrs.—that is—there's a public meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children this afternoon that I must attend. Good by, then—"

"Oh, are you bound for the Cruelty, too?" I asked. "Why, so am I. And—yes—yes—that's the Cruelty!"

The Cruelty stands just where it did, Mag, when you and I first saw it; most things do in Philadelphia, you know. There's the same prim, official straight up-and-downness about the brick front. The steps don't look so steep now and the building's not so high, perhaps because of a sky-scraper or two that 've gone up since. But it chills your blood, Maggie darlin', just as it always did, to think what it stands for. Not man's inhumanity to man, but women's cruelty to children! Maggie, think of it, if you can, as though this were the first time you'd heard of such a thing! Would you believe it?

I waked from that to find myself marching up the stairs behind the Bishop's rigid little back. Oh, it was stiff and uncompromising! Beryl Blackburn did that for me. Poor, pretty, pagan Beryl!

My coming with the Bishop—we seemed to come together anyway—made the people think he'd brought me, so I must be just all right. I had the man bring in the toys I'd got out in the carriage, and I handed them over to the Matron, saying:

"They're for the children. I want them to have them all and now, please, to do whatever they want with them. There'll always be others. I'm going to send them right along, if you'll let me, so that those who leave can take something of their very own with them; something that never belonged to anybody else but just themselves, you understand. It's terrible, don't you know, to be a deserted child or a tortured child or a crippled child and have nothing to do but sit up in that bare, clean little room upstairs with a lot of other stranglings—and just think on the cruelty that's brought you here and the cruelty you may get into when you leave here. If I'd had a doll—if Mag had only had a set of dishes or a little tin kitchen—if the boy with the gouged eye could have had a set of tools—oh, can't you understand—"

I became conscious then that the Matron—a new one, Mag, ours is gone—was staring at me, and that the people stood around listening as though I'd gone mad.

Who came to my rescue? Why, the Bishop, like the manly little fellow he is. He forgave me even Beryl in that moment.

"It's Nance Olden, ladies," he said, with a dignified little wave of his hand that served for an introduction. "She begins her Philadelphia engagement to-night in 'And the Greatest of These.'"

Oh, I'm used to it now, Maggie, but I do like it. All the lady-swells buzzed about me, and there Nance stood preening herself and crowing softly till—till from among the bunch of millinery one of them stepped up to me. She had a big smooth face with plenty of chins. Her hair was white and her nose was curved and she rustled in silk and—

It was Mrs. Dowager Diamonds, alias Henrietta, alias Mrs. Edward Ramsay!

"Clever! My, how clever!" she exclaimed, as though the sob in my voice

that I couldn't control had been a bit of acting.

She was feeling for her glasses. When she got them and hooked them on her nose and got a good look at me—why, she just dropped them with a smash upon the desk.

I looked for a minute from her to the Bishop.

"I remember you very well, Mrs. Ramsay. I hope you haven't forgotten me. I've often wanted to thank you for your kindness," I said slowly, while she slowly recovered. "I think you'll be glad to know that I am thoroughly well—cured . . . Shall I tell Mrs. Ramsay how, Bishop?"

I put it square up to him. And he met it like the little man he is—perhaps, too, my bit of charity to the Cruelty children had pleased him.

"I don't think it will be necessary, Miss Olden," he said gently. "I can do that for you at some future time."

And I could have hugged him; but I didn't dare.

We had tea there in the Board rooms. Oh, Mag, remember how we used to peep into those awful, imposing Board rooms! Remember how strange and resentful you felt—like a poor little red-haired nigger up at the block—when you were brought in there to be shown to the woman who'd called to adopt you!

It was all so strange that I had to keep talking to keep from dreaming. I was talking away to the Matron and the Bishop about the play-room I'm going to fit up out of that bare little place upstairs. Perhaps the same child doesn't stay there very long, but there'll always be children to fill it—more's the cruel pity!

Then the Bishop and I climbed up there to see it and plan about it. But I couldn't really see it, Mag, nor the poor, white-faced, wise-eyed little waifs that have succeeded us, for the tears in my eyes and the ache at my heart and

the queer trick the place has of being peopled with you and me and the boy with the gouged eye, and the cripple, and the rest.

He put his gentle thin old arm about my shoulders for a moment when he saw what was the matter with me. Oh, he understands, my Bishop! And then we turned to go downstairs.

"Oh—I want—I want to do something for them," I cried. "I want to do something that counts, that's got a heart in it, that knows! You knew, didn't you, it was true—what I said down-stairs? I was—I am a Cruelty girl. Help me to help others like me."

"My dear," he said very stately and sweet, "I'll be proud to be your assistant. You've a kind, true heart and—"

And just at that minute, as I was preceding him down the narrow steps, a girl in a red coat trimmed with chinchilla and with a red toque with some of the same fur blocked our way as she was coming up.

We looked at each other. You've seen two peacocks spread their tails and strut as they pass each other? Well, the peacock coming up wasn't in it with the one going down. Her coat wasn't so fine, nor so heavy, nor so newly, smartly cut. Her toque wasn't so big nor so saucy, and the fur on it—not to mention that the descending peacock was a brunette and . . . well, Mag, I had my day. Miss Evelyn Kingdon paid me back in that minute for all the envy I've spent on that pretty rig of hers.

She didn't recognize me, of course, even though the two red coats were so near, as she stopped to let me pass, that they kissed like sisters, ere they parted. But, Mag, Nancy Olden never got haughty that there wasn't a fall waiting for her. Back of Miss Kingdon stood Mrs. Kingdon—still Mrs. Kingdon, thanks to Nance Olden—and behind her, at the foot of the steps, was a

frail little old-fashioned bundle of black satin and old lace. I lost my breath when the Bishop hailed his wife.

"Maria," he said—some men say their wives' first names all the years of their life as they said it on their wedding-day—"I want you to meet Miss Olden—Nance Olden, the comedian. She's the girl I wanted for my daughter—you'll remember, it's more than a year ago now since I began to talk about her?"

I held my breath while I waited for her answer. But her poor, shirt-sighted eyes rested on my hot face without a sign.

"It's an old joke among us," she said pleasantly, "about the Bishop's daughter."

We stood there and chatted, and the Bishop turned away to speak to Mrs. Kingdon. Then I seized my chance.

"I've heard, Mrs. Van Wagenen," I said softly and oh, as nicely as I could, "of your fondness for lace. We are going abroad in the spring, my husband and I, to Malta, among other places. Can't I get you a piece there as a souvenir of the Bishop's kindness to me?"

Her little lace-mittenend, parchment-like hands clasped and unclasped with an almost childish eagerness.

"Oh, thank you, thank you very much; but if you would give the same sum to charity—"

"I will," I laughed. She couldn't guess how glad I was to do this thing. "And I'll spend just as much on your lace and be so happy if you'll accept it."

I promised Henrietta a box for tonight, Maggie, and one to Mrs. Kingdon. The Dowager told me she'd love to come, though her husband is out of town, unfortunately, she said.

"But you'll come with me, won't you, Bishop?" she said, turning to him. "And you, Mrs. Van?"

The Bishop blushed. Was he thinking of Beryl, I wonder. But I didn't

hear his answer, for it was at that moment that I caught Fred's voice. He had told me he was going to call for me. I think he fancied that the old Cruelty would depress me—as dreams of it have, you know; and he wanted to come and carry me away from it, just as at night, when I've waked shivering and moaning, I've felt his dear arms lifting me out of the black night-memory of it.

But it was anything but a doleful Nance he found and hurried down the snowy steps out to a hansom and off to rehearsal. For the Bishop had said to me, "God bless you, child," when he shook hands with both of us at parting, and the very Cruelty seemed to smile a grim benediction, as we drove off together, on Fred and

"NANCY O."

THE END

Fragments From the Arabic

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

III

YOU who are wise to-day,
What of your knowledge when Life's little play
Is ended, and the curtain rustles down—
What of your wisdom then, your great renown?

Make me not wise, like you;
I envy neither sage nor prophet Jew;
Beggared, each journeyed here, and sought for fame,
And lo! went forth as poor as when he came!

IV

I DID not know the nightingale could fling
Into one song the whole wild soul of Spring;
I did not know—until I heard him sing.

I did not know that Love held all of bliss,
Yea, all that ever was and all that is;
I did not know—until I felt your kiss!

V

O H, in that hour when both of us are dead,
When all of Life and Love at last is said,
Will some red rose bloom o'er our graves to tell how our hearts bled?

Or will a lily, in the starlit night,
Lift its pale wonder and its waxen light,
To tell the world how our poor hearts loved with a love most white?

The Wine in Schneider's Words

BY KENNETH BROWN

YOUNG Billy Bruce lost his job on the *Mid-West* because of the bubbling joyance that followed on three stiff drinks. But his story can not be made into a temperance tract, because the drinks were taken by Schneider—and he staid on the paper. It's an unfortunate story whose moral points the wrong way.

I.

Billy Bruce thought that newspapers led to literature, an idea that comes to some at college; and he believed that by holding his right ear to the breast of the great American people he should hear the great heart throb, and become a manful writer. He heard many a throb, and worked over his stuff with an enthusiasm that earned him favorable consideration from Brainard, the city editor, who, seeing that Billy could look with new eyes upon many things that had grown old and gray and unprofitable to most reporters, put him on Major Splain, the Republican candidate for mayor, and his speechifying.

Bruce entered on the work of the campaign with his usual ardor. Here was another throb for the hearing; but unfortunately for the youngling's zeal, even Splain's best friends could not say that their candidate had a throb within him. He was the dreariest of speakers, the stanchest, least interesting of par-

ty men. That kind has to be rewarded now and then.

Three weeks of Splain discouraged Billy's exuberance considerably. The necessity of writing unendingly favorable reports of stupid speeches, of a tremendous degree of sameness, got on Billy's nerves after a while. A reporter's lot is not a very happy one at best. One of its compensations is the chance to call a spade a spade, or even a "shovel" on occasion. This compensation was taken away from Billy Bruce for what seemed to him an endless time.

The first day of the last and crucial week of the campaign was cold and sloppy, half snow, half slush, and wholly uncomfortable. Billy's afternoon assignment, to look up the condition of the poor in the bad weather, and find out what the Salvation Army and the other charitable organizations were doing for them, left him tired and dispirited.

At supper time Mr. Brainard handed him a slip of paper with the address of a hall way up on Clybourne Avenue. "The usual thing: Major Splain—speeches—enthusiasm—etc., etc. Make the people turn out well in spite of the weather, you know."

As Billy stepped into the elevator to go out, in a resigned frame of mind, Schneider came in behind him.

"Hullo, kid!" he said jovially. "Where are you going to supper?"

"To the Dirty Spoon," Billy answered gloomily, giving to a cheap res-

taurant on Dearborn Street the name it had earned among newspaper men.

"I'll go, too. We'll take a convivial steak together."

"Haven't time for a steak."

Schneider refused to be penetrated by Bruce's glumness. "Well, a flowing bowl of beef broth, then. Not that I'm dry by any means"—he gave a portentous wink—"for I have been celebrating the escape from a great peril. Brainard sent me out to interview Fielding Marsh on the drainage canal this afternoon, and I went to the Press Club and played bottle pool instead. I was going to call up Fielding Marsh on the 'phone at five, get my interview and return to the office to write it up. Unfortunately Marsh called up Brainard about four, and asked where that reporter was they were going to send around to him."

"Where are you at now?" Billy asked, as they turned into the restaurant.

"Brainard sent Steele out on the assignment, and I chanced to meet him as I came out of the Press Club, having heard from Fielding Marsh's secretary, over the 'phone, that one reporter from the *Mid-West* had already interviewed him. Steele told me the old man was on a rampage, so I fortified against the evil possibilities in store for me with three large drinks. Damn Chicago, anyway," he added with sudden fury; "a man *has* to soger here—he isn't paid to work. It's the poorest newspaper town in the United States."

"Are you fired?" Billy asked sympathetically.

"No!" Schneider exclaimed in great disgust. "A self-respecting New York paper would have dropped me down the elevator shaft; but the *Mid-West* knows it's getting twice the value of my salary anyway. Let's lubricate—drink to the confusion of all newspapers and their editors."

Billy Bruce shook his head. He

didn't believe in newspaper men drinking.

"Well, let's discuss your bright prospects reporting Splain's drool. Why don't you try writing it up in full some time. Then you'd have a scoop. None of the other papers would have it."

Recalled thus to his own troubles, Billy Bruce groaned. "I wish I could. I wish I were on a Democratic paper, so I could say what I think of Splain. I wish they'd let me cover Himmelweit—anything, so I could get a bite in my words now and then."

"Feel the power to bite surging within you, do you?" the older man asked good-naturedly.

"Heavens! you should see the gang I've got to praise, and the way I have to twist words around. 'Liberal' 's our word, and it means anything according to the district we're in."

"It takes a political campaign to make you see the capabilities of a word," Schneider answered. "I've been through 'em all. 'Reform' is the best word in the bunch. They've worked it hard ever since I can remember, and it's good for a mile under 2:10 yet."

"Barney's the only decent one in the crowd, and he's a rascal. He leaned over to me during the speechifying the other night, down on State Street, and said, 'We try to make 'em think there'll be free beer on every corner if the Major is elected.' "

II.

Billy started from his seat. He had lingered so long in the recounting of his woes that he was late; but Schneider would not listen to his leaving so soon. He insisted that the two should walk part of the way together; declared that if the truth were told Billy could write a better speech than the Republican candidate for mayor; felt convinced, indeed, that a speech of his devising, uncontaminated by Splain, would help his

candidacy more than anything else that had happened during the campaign. (The three drinks were still warm and working within the *Mid-West's* star reporter.) Besides, Schneider urged, one did not always feel moved to walk and talk beneath the frosty sky, whereas one could always report speeches by shyster lawyers.

In the end he beguiled Billy Bruce, their arms linked together, into walking till long past the hour when the enthusiastic patriots of Clybourne Avenue would be communing with their beloved candidate. And Billy enjoyed it. Schneider talked of New York and the chances there for getting near the top of the heap; of his experiences, and how he had climbed up. And always he spoke with the implication that shortly Billy should seek and succeed in this mecca of newspaper men. The future looked very bright to Billy Bruce beneath the flattery of Schneider's implications. He had refused to drink with Schneider, but he drank in his words, and they were heady as many glasses of wine. The night air had frozen the slush into ice. The soup of the restaurant rested comfortingly within him. And safe in his breast-pocket lay a wad of notes taken from Major Splain's former speeches, all monotonously alike, from which he knew he could write his speech of the evening, with the help of a hint or two from some auditor.

A few men were still loafing in the hall when Bruce got there, and from them he learned what Splain had talked about: clean streets; honest administration; friend of the Irish; friend of the German; friend of everybody; liberality, and all the rest.

Billy came back to the office and set to work on the speech. It went well: Schneider's prophesy that Billy could write it better without the help of the candidate than with, was coming true. The fire of creation entered into Billy Bruce and he began to branch out.

After all, something might be made of it. A little humor infused into it would act like the yeast on the stupid dough. Splain's one touch—that when he returned to America after studying in Germany he came in the end of the boat that arrived first—had already been worn out. But where Splain had been lacking Billy would not fail. Where Splain's sordid mind saw but the dull human votes, rank upon rank, Billy saw the souls, which a touch of nature might make kin. It was still Schneider's three drinks acting vicariously. Splain—except in the Irish and "dago" districts—always came out strong on the Germans. Billy exuberantly made him come out stronger. "Gentlemen!" he made him exclaim, "to paraphrase the words of Mark Antony, I am no Dutchman, as Himmelweit is, but this I can say: my education was completed in Germany; my first client was a German; my landlady is a German; my best friends are Germans—I myself speak with a German accent occasionally; and my very watch-chain is of German silver." Billy looked out over the audience in his mind's eye and plunged on: "It gives me great joy to see so many Germans before me. Since I can not account for their presence on the supposition that they like cold weather better than other people, I am driven to the welcome conclusion that now, as always in the history of our fair land, the Germans have been foremost in patriotism and a desire to save the civic government from the rapacious advances of the miscreants who beneath the name of Democrats are voraciously seeking to fill their flabby wallets at the city treasury."

Billy Bruce chuckled delightedly as he wrote. These seemed delicious fancies to his so long Splain-drenched brain. He wrote for the pleasure of writing, not for the pittance he would receive at the end of the week. This was the highest art, this blending of imagination with the bare essence of

Splain. He poked fun—so insidious he felt sure Splain would not see it—at Splain himself. He scattered “applause” with a liberal hand—applauses that he felt were for once really deserved—and “laughter” where there had never been laughter before; and twice the delighted audience cried “Hoch! Hoch!”

Parts of his work he expected the copy-reader, his enemy, would cut. But he did not mind: the pure joy of creation was his for a little while, no matter what the copy-reader might subsequently do. And as the “story” grew Billy became so convinced of the merits of it that visions came to him, vague but delicious, of Major Splain seeking him out on the morrow and offering him a handsome salary to enter his employ and prepare all his speeches for him—henceforth to twinkle with humor. Billy imagined Splain, as mayor, presenting him to the other Republican magnates, saying: “Gentlemen, to this young man is due the Republican victory and my election! You can not do better than to engage, for the national campaign, those talents of his, which have so signally distinguished themselves in municipal affairs.”

Billy Bruce went to bed that night with an elation which could not be dimmed even by the belief that his stuff was so good that the copy-reader would surely garble it.

III.

The copy-reader let every word of the revised Splain speech appear next morning. Fate does seem malignant sometimes; for this copy-reader who let Billy’s words stand to his undoing, always before—it seemed to the youngster—had dulled his pencil on Billy’s best work—work which but for that might have won favorable notice from the superior race of editors. That the copy-reader did not cut and slash this time is

perhaps the best proof that it was not really so good as it had seemed the night before.

When Billy reached the office about noon, he found on his desk a bunch composed of the “copy” he had turned in the night before, the galley-proof of it, and a note from the city editor, all pinned together. The note read:

“Please see me at once about attached matter.

Yours,
Brainard.”

Billy went to the city editor at once.

Mr. Brainard looked up from his desk. “Did you go to the Splain meeting last night?”

“No,” Billy answered. From the tone of voice he inferred that no bouquets were awaiting him.

“What!” Brainard jumped up from his chair. “Didn’t you hear him speak?”

“No.”

“Then you wrote that report without being at the meeting?”

“Yes,” Billy answered soberly. He saw this was no time for explanations; no time to tell Mr. Brainard he had notes a-plenty of Splain’s speeches; no time to speak of good intentions, nor of aspirations.

Brainard became more angry with every reply. He liked Billy Bruce, and this made him lose his temper the more at every further indication of blank idiocy on the young man’s part. He would have welcomed a police certificate of drunk and disorderly, or any other explanation that would commend itself to his reason.

Brainard walked nervously into the outer room where the reporters had their desks, Billy trotting merrily at his heels. The room happened to be empty, and he turned savagely on Bruce:

“Do you mean to tell me you invented the whole thing?”

“Yes.”

“You forged— Spent your time—

We pay you to—it isn't much, I know," he broke off; turned with exasperation and walked out into the hall. Billy again trotted meekly at his heels. "And you—Splain was in here this morning, and he says he never used the word 'Dutchman' in his life. He says that word has cost him thousands of votes. He says you've lost him the election. He says you must have been crazy."

Brainard wheeled about and walked back into his office. Billy came behind, but even amid the sulphurousness of Brainard he could not keep out the vision of poor Splain carefully avoiding the word "Dutchman" all his life, lest it lose him a sensitive vote.

Brainard turned at his desk: "I don't think we can employ your brilliant imagination on the *Mid-West* any longer," he said, his tone still so full of exasperation that Billy did not venture a single word in excuse. Indeed, in the sober light of day there seemed to be no excuse to give.

Brainard sat down, and Billy walked out of the office. The city editor looked after him. "Oh you *damn* fool!" he almost groaned. It was his benediction.

As Billy Bruce stood on the corner de-

bating whether to have one more good feed, or to begin his course of strict economy at once, Schneider grasped his arm.

"Hullo! I wrote a letter at you a few minutes ago."

"What?" Billy asked.

"Brainard told me to write an 'Indignant Republican' letter to the paper, protesting against your report of the Splain meeting last night. Said I was at the meeting, and that the paper must have been misled by some malicious person, for Major Splain gave utterance to none of the vapid, flippant, and undignified things we credited him with. Say! Splain was hot this morning: gave Brainard merry hell. The *Mid-West* is going to make the humblest kind of an apology to-morrow. Won't the other papers have fun with us!" Schneider grinned and seemed in the best of humor.

"Doggone you!" Billy said, smiling ruefully; "why did you tell me I could write a better speech than Splain?"

"So you can, my boy," Schneider answered cheerfully. "Splain's speeches are so bad no one ever thinks of apologizing for them."

My Love She Keeps Aloof From Me

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON

MY Love she loves me not to-day,
But knits her brows and turns away;
She seems inclined to disagree
And keep herself aloof from me.

Not much I care; these many days
I've known her little teasing ways;
And when her mood is cross and vain
She soon relents and smiles again.

Reminiscences of an Interviewer

VII

*George du Maurier, Israel Zangwill, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope,
William Archer, Grant Allen*

SEVERAL years ago, while in England, I received commissions to interview a few of the most popular English writers. It happened, however, that my first interview had for its subject a young American author, then enjoying his earlier popularity and making his yearly visit in London. He had won a sudden success and his head had been turned. Consequently, he had become the object of much ridicule and some rather violent dislike. I believe that more stories were told to his discredit than to that of any other well-known man of the day; many of them, however, were wholly without foundation. I had expected to interview him in New York; but through some misunderstanding I had missed him. One day we happened to meet in London. I spoke of the interview and he said: "Come to my hotel to-morrow at twelve o'clock and lunch with me, and we'll have the interview while we are eating." When I reached the hotel I found him in his room. "I say, old chap," he said, in the blustering way that was characteristic of him, "I say, I'm awfully sorry. But after I saw you yesterday I met Lord Hartington and he invited me to lunch with him at the House of Commons. Now I can lunch with you at any time, but—" I interrupted him to remark, hiding my astonishment as well as I could, "Why, of course, that's all right.

I didn't come here merely to take luncheon with you. I want to get that interview done if possible." Then we began the interview; but we had not gone far when my host, who, by the way, had done considerable newspaper work himself, exclaimed: "Now why do you go about it in that way? If I were doing the interview I'd do it like this," and he proceeded to tell me how he thought the work ought to be done. I tried hard to keep from smiling, and I let him talk on. I followed the line of discussion that he indicated, going back, however, for the material I had come to secure. Then I hurried away. I don't know whether he ever read the published interview. If he did, I fear that he could hardly have been satisfied with it, for I had treated it very differently from the way he suggested. He is a curious example of the man with a double personality of the absolutely contradictory kind. He has very admirable qualities; but in his every-day life he seems bent on hiding them. As Kipling says, "there are nine-and-ninety ways of writing tribal lays, and every blessed one of them is right." So there are nine-and-ninety ways of doing interviews, varying with the qualities of the interviewer and of the subject as well.

My first interview in England with an Englishman proved to be of far different character from its predecessor. At

this time "Trilby" was having its immense vogue in this country and its success had not as yet been duplicated among English readers. I wrote to Mr. Du Maurier, asking if I might come to see him, and I received a letter making an appointment. I had a long drive through London out to Hampstead Heath, the pretty little suburb, as we should call it, where he lived for many years. A short time before his death, he moved into a larger house. It was a charming place filled with interesting pictures. I remember noticing the remarkably fine etchings that lined the staircase leading to the room where afternoon-tea was served. The house, by the way, was rented from the Du Mauriers by Miss Mary Anderson, while she was playing for a few months in London. When I entered the dining-room I found Du Maurier there with his wife and his daughter, the two women looking wonderfully like each other and exactly like the women of his drawings, large, free of movement, and fairly radiant with health. He had a very easy, gentle manner, and the atmosphere of the house seemed to me typical of the ideal English family.

Du Maurier himself seemed less English than the others, though in feeling, in spite of his loyal affection for Paris, I imagine he was very English. At that time he was feeling very happy over the success of "Trilby." I have since heard that after a few months he grew bored with it, considering himself unworthy of such adulation. He told me with evident pleasure of the reader for Harper and Brothers who, on being informed that D. Maurier had sent in the manuscript of his second novel, raised his hands and said: "What a pity! Why couldn't he have been satisfied with the success of 'Peter Ibbetson'?" The reader took the manuscript, read it through that night, and re-appeared in the office the next day, warmly commending it. Du Maurier spoke, too, with an amused pleasure,

of the Boston physician who had declared that the parts of the novel that dealt with hypnotism were within the verge of possibility. He was especially delightful in his account of the way in which he wrote the story. He devoted three days in the week to his drawing and the other three to his writing. "Whenever any one would come near me, I would raise my arms and cry out, 'Don't interrupt. I am writing an immortal work!'" In the course of our talk he referred several times to Mr. Henry James, for whom he had a great affection, "the eternal Henry James," he once called him. From what he said, I suspect that it was largely through his friendship with Henry James that he was stimulated to write. He and James used to take frequent walks over the Heath, during which they would discuss literary matters. "'If I were a writer, I believe I never should suffer for lack of a plot,' I said to James one day, and James replied, 'Well, you are a very lucky man. I should like to hear one of those plots.' Then I told him the story of 'Trilby.'" In an article published after Du Maurier's death, Henry James referred to some of the plots that Du Maurier cherished in his mind, but never used, among others a daring tale about a man changed to an albatross.

With Du Maurier, music was one of the greatest joys of life; like his father, he possessed a beautiful singing voice, and to the end he liked to tell how his father had once earned money for a poor woman by singing in the streets of Paris and making a collection. That episode was merely one of many episodes in his experience that lent itself to story-telling. I doubt if he could have written a novel without introducing music. He would also have found it hard to write any book without referring to the Paris that he loved. That Paris, however, was not the Paris of to-day; it was the brilliant Paris of the second Empire which he had known in his youth. His memo-

ries of it were so dear that he told me it distressed him in his late years to go back and note the changes, particularly the marked changes that have taken place in the Champs Elysées. Another book he would probably have published if he had lived a few years longer was the collection of essays. He mentioned to me that he had arranged to contribute a series of essays to a magazine.

As I write of Du Maurier the memory of my meeting comes back very vividly. I can see him as he sat and in a low voice talked about the past. I would describe just how he looked if he had not declared in my presence that he hated to have looks described. But I am sure he would not have objected to my saying that his photographs were exactly like him. How strange it is to think that the book that made him famous and gave him a fortune should have passed wholly out of the public mind. Some day students of literature will read it as a curiosity; but I doubt if it will have a revival. Its success had one absolutely satisfactory result to the author: it supplied him with plenty of money at a time when his eyes were giving out and when his usefulness as an illustrator seemed threatened. Already he had begun to lose his hold on the popular fancy with his drawings, and the year before he had suffered the indignity of being left out of the special Christmas number of *Punch*. But, of course, "Trilby" at once strengthened his hold, not merely as a novelist but with his old work as well. The success of "Trilby" on the stage must have been an especially great delight to him, for he loved the theater, and his younger son, Gerald du Maurier, had already begun his career as an actor. When death approached it must have been a consolation to Du Maurier to know that he left his family in a far more comfortable situation than he could have done if he had died a few years before. "The two most interesting men in London," Henry James used

to say, "are Du Maurier and James Payne." Both men died within a comparatively short interval.

Stanley Weyman made an appointment with me at his club, the name of which I have forgotten; it was a great gloomy place, near the heart of London, exactly the kind of place one reads about in the old-fashioned English novels. Mr. Weyman was plainly unused to being interviewed, but he bore the ordeal with great patience, and we speedily passed from a basis of business to one of friendly talk. He spoke very frankly of his work, referring to his earlier failures and mentioning, among other things, that he had once written a novel and, being unable to secure a publisher for it, had decided that it was a poor thing, and destroyed it. The incident struck me as unusual and rather harrowing. I admired the courage that made it possible; but I had some doubts about its wisdom. Mr. Weyman, perhaps I ought to mention, referred to his destroyed book with no regret whatever, though he was then at the height of his prosperity, having brought out, not long before, "A Gentleman of France." Like Du Maurier, he expressed a great regard for France, though, again like Du Maurier, he is a very distinct type of Englishman. He had acquired his knowledge of the French language by long walks which he had taken in the French country. He impressed me as a thoroughly frank, direct and simple gentleman, fond of his work and devoted to a plain out-door life. He was then living at Shropshire, where he was able to do his daily stint of writing each morning, and then to enjoy life out doors in the afternoon.

Anthony Hope I found in a building in Buckingham Street, near the Strand, devoted chiefly to law-offices. It was here that the author had installed himself several years before as a barrister, when he was known as A. H. Hawkins, and here he had remained after giving

up the law in order to devote all his energies to writing. He received me with an air of youth and good cheer that were extremely pleasant, and that made me feel comfortable at once. He was then a somewhat boyish-looking, fresh-faced man, and wore the same high collars open at the neck that still characterize his pictures. He, too, had experienced some difficulty in making his way as a writer, and he spoke of his early unsuccessful books with humor, wholly free from resentment or bitterness. At Oxford, he said, he had been active in the Union, the famous debating society, and I imagine that his speeches were pungent and witty. When he began his law-career, he determined to combine with it, if possible, a career in politics. But he was successful neither as a barrister nor as a politician. While sitting in his office waiting for clients, he used his time in writing realistic novels. These found publishers, but few readers. Then he wrote "*The Prisoner of Zenda*" and became famous and prosperous. After abandoning law he continued to keep office-hours, reaching his desk at nine o'clock and leaving it at four in the afternoon. "I like the walk from my father's house," he said. When I showed surprise at the length of his working day, he laughed. "Oh, don't imagine that I write all that time. If I did I should produce a good many more books than I do. Part of the day I spend in revising what I have written and in correcting proofs." I imagine, too, that he devotes much time to thinking out his stories as he smokes his pipe. Since that meeting he has made two visits to this country, the first, several years ago, as a lecturer, and the other, only a few months ago, for recreation. During his last visit he kept very secluded, and comparatively few people knew he was here. Now that he has taken an American wife he will doubtless return here frequently.

Anthony Hope has been among the most fortunate of living writers. His

books have brought him large rewards, and, in addition, he has made a fortune from royalties on his plays. Now that he is rich, perhaps he will take his art more seriously and do the fine ambitious things that he seems to have wished to do early in his career; he ought now to be able to write a great novel of English politics or society. He tried to write it years ago, and his achievement as a youth was so creditable that it offers an inspiring prophecy of what he could do now. Even during the height of his success he has shown a fondness for the realism that he turned his back on in order to write romance.

One of the satisfactory memories of my stay in England is associated with my interview with Israel Zangwill. In response to a note from me, Mr. Zangwill had written, saying that he could see me on the morning of a certain day. He lived far out in the suburbs of London, in Kilburn, in a plain, unpretentious house. I found him in his comfortably furnished and well-stored library engaged in reading "*The Green Carnation*." He explained that he had just finished a long novel, "*The Master*," and that he was taking a rest of two or three days, before starting on another task. After such a siege of work as "*The Master*" must have represented, a rest of two or three days, seems rather ludicrous. I imagine, however, that Mr. Zangwill is one of those men who never can rest long. He is distinctly of the nervous type, though, as he talks, in spite of his sparkling wit, he seems very easy and self-contained. He spoke very enthusiastically, I remember, of "*The Green Carnation*," and he plainly enjoyed the satire directed against the affection of certain members of the literary world of London. I was curious to know about his early life, and he gave me a very frank and interesting account of his boyhood in the Jewish quarter of London; of his miseries as a school-teacher; of his attempt, made with a

friend, to establish what he described as a "comic *Punch*," a weekly paper known as *Ariel*; of its complete failure, and of the temptation that came to him to cease trying to make a living by his pen, and to go into the advertising business, as his partner did. This partner, by the way, though a man of fine literary gifts, has remained in the advertising business, while Mr. Zangwill, by being faithful to his writing, has earned a great reputation.

Mr. Zangwill also mentioned that one of his first successes was a little play, founded on a suggestion he had taken from Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, that every one consisted of six persons, under the title of "Six Persons;" it was produced in London by Beerbohm Tree. At this time the author, still a young man, barely thirty, was very anxious to pay a visit to this country, and he seemed eager to receive all the information I could give him about American life. He postponed his trip, however, for several years; he was finally persuaded by Major Pond to come over and lecture. Shortly after his arrival I met him again and heard him deliver his lecture on "The Drama," which did so much to create ill-feeling against him. It was a scathing denunciation of prevailing methods of conducting the theaters, and it gave some newspaper writers an unjust impression that the lecturer was conceited and superior. I believe Mr. Zangwill to be an absolutely modest, as well as a deeply sincere man.

During his visit here I met him several times, once at a private house where he gave an evening lecture, and where, at the close of the lecture, he had to meet a great many people. His talk was brilliant; but, as the lion of the reception, he made a poor showing. Like our own Mary Wilkins, Mr. Zangwill does not lend himself easily to lionizing. I remember that, when a great many people had been presented to him, his hostess came up with one of those beautiful,

stately and magnificently dressed American girls who are referred to by their admirers as "queens." It was plain from the air with which this girl carried herself that she had been persuaded to believe that she was a queen. She expected, as a matter of course, that Zangwill would at once devote himself to her. But as soon as he had made his greeting, he turned away apparently oblivious of her existence. I am glad to be able to say that the girl gave no sign of even realizing that she had been snubbed. On the other hand, in justice to Mr. Zangwill, I ought to mention that I have seen him single out from a crowd of people around him some unimportant person whom he may or may not have known but in whom he could take an intelligent interest. The society bore he plainly abhorred.

While in England I had an opportunity of meeting a journalist for whom I had long had a warm admiration. Even at that time there were few writers for the press who occupied so dignified a position as Mr. William Archer. He had already taken the leadership in the dramatic criticism of England, and he was beginning to build up the reputation as a literary critic that he is now splendidly maintaining. I passed what was to me a most interesting afternoon at his little country place in Surrey, a quaint cottage with a pretty garden. When I arrived there Mr. Archer was sitting under the trees, reading aloud to his wife and his boy, the "Tomarcher" of the Stevenson letters. I wish I could convey in words a sense of the absolute modesty, simplicity and directness of Mr. Archer. He was then in the late thirties, tall, slim, erect, with a clear complexion and a fine eye, a perfect type of the Scotsman, who does his work systematically, lives plainly, and fears no man. We had some interesting conversation over the theater, which he found I loved almost as deeply as he did himself, and we had, too, a glorious

tramp over the hills and through the woods. He mentioned that as a young fellow of twenty he had made a tour around the world, passing through the United States from San Francisco to New York; he had then conceived a great fondness for this country and had since been eager to return here. His wife, too, took a keen interest in Americans. They will always be distinguished in my mind, as the only persons of English birth or traditions who approved of American speech. They commented with special praise on the way we Americans gave value to both syllables in such words as accent, the second syllable of which the English persistently clipped, and they agreed that we were helping to preserve the language. Since that meeting Mr. Archer has paid a second visit to this country and written two books from his experience here, one on our characteristic ways, which he liked, and another on our plays, which he liked somewhat less perhaps, but among which he found some work that he could enthusiastically indorse. More recently he has been doing what seems to me the best work of his life. His "Poets of the Younger Generation," is one of those books that do not receive the attention they merit. It might be taken as a model of literary criticism. It contains no trite phrases, none of the jargon of the conventional reviewer. Best of all, it never dogmatizes, or tries to annihilate. The tone throughout is that of a man expressing his personal views, sustained with valid reasons, and endeavoring to deal sympathetically with the poet he is studying. And yet, whenever he feels called upon to criticize, Mr. Archer does not hesitate to speak out boldly. He never gives the impression, as some lenient reviewers do, of being weak or hesitating, because he wishes to be kind. His sympathy lies rather in his ability to take the poet's point of view, however remote this point of view may be from his own.

After a few weeks of London, I began to long for Paris, and one bright day I stood on the boat heading for Dieppe. The next morning, while I was walking through the Louvre and was standing in front of the great canvases in which the wife of Rubens is so conspicuously represented, I noticed a lean, reddish-looking man, whose clothes hung loosely about him and whose whole air, it seemed to me, revealed the typical American school-teacher. A few days later, when I had occasion to call on Grant Allen at his little hotel not far from the *rue de Rivoli*, I met my American school-teacher again. When I told him that I had seen him before, and that I had taken him for an American, he laughed and said: "Well, I am an American; that is, I am a Canadian, and as a younger man, I passed considerable time in the United States." Then we had a good, long talk, a frank talk, one of those talks you never forget. In a few moments we had become friends, friends for life I was going to say, though we never met again. And yet I always think of Grant Allen with a peculiar affection. He was absolutely simple and genuine, without an atom of superiority or conceit or aloofness, a rare nature, full of kindness and of love for his fellow men. This language may seem extravagant, but I believe it will be understood by every one who knew Grant Allen. I recall speaking of him once in this strain of enthusiasm to a well-known writer who had known Mr. Allen for many years, and I was delighted with the swiftness and heartiness of the response. "Ah, but you should have known him in his country place in England. Whenever I went to see him, I would be sure to find him working in his garden. He loved to be out of doors. He published a great many books, but how he ever got them written, I haven't the least idea. He never seemed to do any work." Every one who knew Grant Allen must have loved him.

Mr. Allen was one of the writers whose books do not fairly represent them. His scientific books I am not familiar with. I only know that he suffered, as every popularizer of science suffers, simply from being a popularizer. Nevertheless, it was his scientific work that he loved best. He had a broad, deep-searching mind, and the world was to him a mine of delightful discovery. He took a great interest in places of historical associations, and at the time I met him he was gathering material for a new edition of his guide-book to Paris. His story writing he at one time greatly disliked; but he told me that his interest had increased as he went on working. I doubt if he realized what a poor piece of writing his "Woman Who Did" actually was. If he did, he must have thought of it many times with shame. But, as he explained to me, in writing that book, he had a definite purpose, mistaken perhaps, but in his intention really fine. He acknowledged that he had not carried out his intention. "Toward the end," he said, "I felt afraid that the book might do harm to young people, if I brought it to the conclusion I had at first planned. So I conventionalized it." He held radical views

regarding the marriage tie and the relation of the sexes, and many men of distinction sympathized with them. But if he had openly expressed these views they would probably have been misunderstood; at any rate, he feared that their dissemination might do harm.

That Grant Allen was himself a thoroughly good, clean-minded man of high character no one who knew him could doubt. He led, too, a beautiful domestic life. With Mrs. Alien, a delightful woman, he lived in one of the most beautiful spots in England. But he had not the creative talent nor the taste sufficient to make fiction a means of disseminating ethical doctrine. The winter in England he sometimes avoided by settling down in some attractive spot in Europe, where the climate suited his rather delicate health. Paris and Florence and several European cities he knew in every nook and corner, and I imagine that his guide-books were among the most successful of all his publications. Unlike so many men, he did not allow his knowledge to be a burden to himself or to others. He had not an atom of conceit, and I don't believe he could have patronized the humblest human being that ever came in his way.

Verbal Caste

BY CAROLYN WELLS

To Go:—Good morning, Tuesday; may I have a few moments' conversation with you?

TUESDAY:—(*Superciliously.*) Excuse me, I am a proper noun, and I couldn't think of speaking to an irregular verb.

A Thick Book for Hiram

BY SEWELL FORD

IT is not good to lose one's sense of proportion. You learn this when you try to put a number six shoe on a number seven foot, when you inflict a ten-course dinner on a five-course digestion. You can not deafen the world by blowing into a bottle. All day long you may throw pebbles from the shore without filling the ocean. And—really now, this is true—the book which you publish to-morrow may fail to give the nations pause.

Not a very young author, but one mature enough to know better, assumes an attitude which compels these trite reflections. He has been telling me what his "public" expects of him, what it demands, with how noble a disdain he has ignored its dictation. Also, he has been wondering what the world will say to his audacity.

Magnum-caputitis? Oh no, not quite that. Merely he has been living too close to the printing press. His sense of proportion has been skewged. He's forgotten that America runs ten McCormack reapers, perhaps fifty, to one Hoe cylinder; that for every typewriter that clicks, a thousand sewing machines are humming; that the most successful novel of the year gets into only half as many homes as does the average seed catalogue.

Even at Jenkins' Corners you may buy soap and sugar and tobacco. The bookstore, however, remains an urban institution. The public library is still

reckoned as one of the luxuries of civilization. A lot of nice folks will ask, should you mention Henry James: "Henry James who? What's his last name?" You'll find persons who think that Booth Tarkington runs a branch of the Salvation Army. Actually, you know, many good citizens take their literature quite as if it were a non-essential.

Too bad that my friend could not have heard the dimpled young person. She had confessed to having "done nothing but read all the forenoon."

"Ah, and what were you reading?"

"Oh, a library book."

"But what book? By what author?"

"Why, it was—let's see—m-m-m-m."

She drops a pink forefinger into a cheek dimple and stares vaguely at the pendant sugar-scoop of her hat brim. Then, desperately: "Oh, I've forgotten."

"What was it all about?"

"Oh, it was just a book, you know," comprehensively, "a library book."

And there you are. True, the dimpled young person may not fairly represent the majority. The majority doesn't read books at all.

Still another incident for the author who talks about his "public." Two shoppers struggle from the maelstrom of a bargain sale and drift into the comparative quiet of a great store's book department.

"Now, what can we get for Hiram's birthday?"

"Oh, something cheap will do." Inspired: "A book!"

"Good! Here are some nice ones for a dollar five."

"Ye-e-es, but there are some on that other counter for seventy-nine cents—and they're thicker, too."

"Well, let's get a thick one, then." They do.

Now, Mr. Author, doesn't this restore your sense of proportion? You see, don't you, that the many, many folks who go to make up what you are pleased to call your "public" are not all making the arbitrary demands which you fondly imagine. Some of them are satisfied if your book be a thick one.

Was it, then, all in vain—that mind-racking, heart-searching toil, those months of plodding, those hours of inspired effort when your pen strokes conjured up characters which seemed to

live and love and hate? Was it just to provide something which should help a forgetful young person while away a dull forenoon, to furnish a thick book for Hiram's birthday?

Of course not. Nor was it to wring a grudging word of praise from this critic or that. It was to satisfy the artist within yourself that you wrought; and he is satisfied, not with the crude result, but with the measure of earnestness which you brought to the work. That's the chap, this artist within, who is the only one worth trying to please. If you attempt more you have lost your sense of proportion, and the first thing you know you'll be trying to fill the ocean with pebbles, trying to deafen the world by blowing into a bottle.

When the ego gets to crowding other things in your cosmos just you remember Hiram's birthday.

Of Future Days

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

I do not ask to know
Whither thy spirit, after death, shall go;
I only ask that I—where'er thou be,
May follow thee.

All torment and regret
Thou, with thy love, couldst teach me to forget;
And heaven— Alas! what hope of heaven for me,
Bereft of thee?

Nay: faithless doubt and fear
I lose in Him who gave thee to me, dear!
He would not so unite, to rend apart,
Who made the heart!

Some Odd Bits of English

BY ETHEL SHACKELFORD

THE English signs all over Europe never fail to interest the American tourist. I have seen Americans endanger their lives by standing in the middle of a crowded street in Vienna to try to make out the German word that accompanied the English word "Quaker" on the back of a disappearing 'bus; and once I saw an American child walk backward down the stairs in a business block in the same city, as she studied an English sentence thrown into one word—a thing dear to the German heart, printing sentences as single words—"Thiswayout."

The traveller who is hungry but unable to order a meal from a foreign bill-of-fare, is both amused and pleased by that sign in an Antwerp restaurant window which reads, "Beef Stek on any time." And how can one resist the "Real Antic Lace" which is advertised in Brussels?

I think that noting the differences between the English English and the American English is half the fun of a visit to England. The "Booking halls," the "Newsman" at the corner, the "Servants' registry," and the assurance on merchants' cards that "special attention will be given to bespoke orders," are sure to attract our eyes. At Stratford-on-Avon are many signs which are unusual. The signal station at the railroad tracks figures in Stratford society as the "Evesham crossing box." "Corporation fishing tickets" are offered the passerby, but the oddest of the town's signs is "Rubbing of Shakespeare's grave stone."

I suppose no American ever saw that sign suddenly who did not say, "What in the world does it mean?"

The craze for "catchy" signs does not belong to America alone. One that will always stay in my memory for its cleverness is over a shop near London bridge. It reads, "Alexandre The Great Tailor."

It is odd enough to see a shoe shop flourishing under the name of, "Boot-ery," and to see in some places, "Come in and brush up," where at home in some small town we might see, "Come and wait for the car" cordially printed in the window. How can we be expected to know what the man behind the sign, "Plots for All," has to offer the world? An Englishman amused himself explaining to me that this sign meant that all people who wished to write novels and plays, but who found difficulty in handling their plots, could go to this office and get any sort of a plot drafted. I realized in a second that it was only a real-estate office, but the Englishman still swears that he had to tell me, and he uses this little tale to prove his theory that Americans are not half so quick-witted as they think they are.

The old English grave-yards afford endless entertainment. In a cemetery out from Leamington, a battered old head-stone marks the grave of a miser well known throughout the neighborhood a hundred years or so ago. Its touching inscription is:

He poorly lived and poorly died;
Was poorly buried, and no one cried.

Pretty Claire

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

HERE lies she they loved the best,
Pretty Claire;
Restless ever, now at rest,
Still so fair!
Passed as would an April day,
Cloud and sunshine—grave and gay—
Silent there.
What will your three lovers say,
Pretty Claire?

“I,” said he who called her wife,
“I who knew
All the flower of her life
And the dew—
Not the bud’s faint tenderness,
Nor the fading leaves’ caress—
Claire, from you
I will take one long black tress,
Shining blue.”

“I,” said he who loved her last,
“I will take,
Now all love is overpast,
For her sake
From her finger this one ring
That I put there in the spring”—
Thus he spake—
“Wearing it, remembering,
Till she wake.”

Then your early lover cried,
Pretty Claire,
Him you flung long since aside,
(Did you care?) :
“I, who loved you first, was true
Always, what have I to do,
Ring or hair?—
I take this kiss and death with you,
Pretty Claire!”

Masks and Faces

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

AND so we gave our Gambol—and the glittering line of guests began to move to the strains of a Henry VIII dance. There were all sorts of characters, fifty or more, those who have come down through dramatic history as types that show phases pleasing to generations, and with never-losing vitality. But we of the greenroom, and a few of our friends, whom we especially forewarned, kept to the usual custom of adhering to the current plays, and to us the Critic put the severest tests.

"And so," he said to "Merely Mary Ann," a most bewitching looking girl, who could not hide the blush beneath the smudge of soot on the little slavey's face, "and so you wish to go in yonder, to the realm of drama—why?" He smiled, as he stretched his arm before her and barred the way.

"Perhaps, zir, you may know me by these gloves of mine," she pleaded, entering into the spirit of the piece, and suggesting, in her cap and apron, the alluring and pathetic figure of Miss Robson. "Do I wish to coom in, zir? Yez, zir. Perhaps I can not give you the lonely appeal that clings to a tone of kindness; it takes a delicate handling of lines to shed the sympathetic glow upon me—a little slavey, zir; I can not make you feel for the lonely girl clinging to the man's love—losing it because she gains a fortune, and gaining it again by conjuring up, in a charmingly reminiscent sentiment, the refinement of poverty that fortune can not give,

That is beyond me, zir, but not beyond Miss Robson. I claim for the play the basic principle of love astride the firm support of agreeable dialogue."

"You know," said the Critic, "you aren't really drama—you have an ordinary and slender story, you—"

This was too much for the Dramatist; farther down the line his voice was heard talking to his neighbor.

"It may not be drama," he assented, "it may not depend on situation, on much active opposing force—but it has value in its demand on your sympathy. The acts are all descriptively quiet—a monologuish dialogue that flows around the humanity of Mary Ann."

"Have you no other claim?" continued the Critic.

"Perhaps, zir," she answered, "I do not stir powerfully, but I do gently; there is not the strength as there is the child way; there is not the trickery as there is the subtlety. I claim for 'Merely Mary Ann,' zir, a miniature *finesse*, interpreted by the X-ray of Miss Robson's appreciation. It takes a refined sense to show it; without much plot, there is undoubted character; without theatricality, it is unfailingly wholesome, and also Art. May I coom in now, zir?" She gave a look that was irresistibly pathetic, and slipped into the room beyond.

"So," said the Critic, looking the Author up and down, and smiling; "I, for once, have the privilege of keeping you out. You must plead rather

than resent, as you so often do in the greenroom. Well, I listen."

"You know me by my bearing," came the deep tones of our associate, masquerading as "The Virginian"; "I do not claim for my stage career aught else than four scenes of a cow-puncher's ideas of justice and love. I am the center of a most flimsy romantic element—at least the heroine is flimsy—but I fight against a satisfactory villain, and Mr. Wister has made me a pleasing example of rough refinement."

"Go on," urged the Critic.

"But what I lack in purpose, I gain in clever atmosphere—a sectional slice off the American loaf—not quite the American drama, yet a most vigorous type. You have the Virginian," he bowed sedately, "and that is enough. Not me,"—he raised his hand in negation—"oh, no! but Dustin Farnum, with his transplanted velvety drawl of a dialect and his quiet humor of persistence in understanding and in doing. 'Tis easy to dress as the Virginian, 'tis hard to play the part. A critic—not you, my friend—has called the four scenes resultants of situations never shown upon the stage. I claim for myself a skilful dramatization that tends only to sketch a character and show a phase of life."

"I let you in," explained the Critic, "simply because I agree with you. We Americans are too prone, however, to ignore the deeper strain that is part and parcel of the moral fibre, and that represents a common danger or a common joy. The translator of Rostand's 'The Princess Far-a-way' claims that what we always want is action; perhaps we might add that we depend too much for interest in effective externality. We accept the visible rather than the suggested; we enjoy the actual rather than apply the example; we see and are merry, rather than store away for the future. Thinking scares us; fancy dazes, and there you are."

"You are Moira Loney," he said to the girl who followed the Author, "I recognize you by your resemblance to Jessie Busley—the flavor of your accent has reached me, and I now look upon the naïveté of your Irish seriousness."

"You see," she explained, "I couldn't exactly play the part of 'Little Mary,' though I might have followed the scheme of Bully Bottom in representing a wall, by drawing the picture of a stomach on a piece of cardboard. I can only tell you of the cleverness of the characters,—of Mr. Dixey's acting (as the Earl of Carlton), so illusively enjoyable, especially where he tries to be affectionate to his son Cecil (Fritz Williams), scraped from the same old family block,—that English sympathy which defies expression. I come though to enter, as I am sure you would let Moira enter were she here—the motherly child who grew into womanhood with the legacy of a grandfather's theory of digestion, and the pledge to tell the British public how to work an over-worked organ. I do not plead for consistency, for tangibility, for probable motive—I claim for the play the daring of conception, the charm that lies in vagueness and Barriesque piquancy. Here is a piece that would sweep the quick-lunch counters into oblivion, and make love over a slowly eaten sandwich—Sentimental Tummy, as some one has cleverly called it; indigestion as a national problem is the theme; here the patent medicine is hit, the physician of society scored. I claim originality of dialogue in lieu of a plot."

"That doesn't go as drama," claimed the Critic, "I believe—"

"No, you don't," called the Actor, falling into the greenroom way of interrupting, "you know you felt suspense as to the identity of 'Little Mary,' revealed only in the last act. I don't quite agree that all drama must represent visible opposition. Barrie and

Zangwill both illustrate that action of purely separate scenes may converge to one point of individuality, or even theory. I delight in a play that smites playfully, yet effectively; I justify wit and sarcasm sometimes for themselves alone. Such work is just as great an incentive to the artist's powers of interpretation; since it holds, not so much to broad delineation, as to fine distinctions. It is easy to run a paint brush along a plank and keep one grade, but values are hard to express in a nature that absorbs color and defies sharp lines of demarcation."

Do not imagine that all this time we stood in an impatient line; we wandered through the hall, enjoying pleasant conversation, and comparing our dance cards, which contained a variety of bright remarks on the drama; returning when our numbers were called, and often gathering around the Critic to hear what was going on; sometimes we went in couples and spent the interim behind some big palm that hid the cosiness of a *tête-à-tête*. From such a retreat came the Humorist.

"Many of the present-day plays are self-critical, as shown by their very titles," he explained, facing the Critic, "and I claim that 'Ranson's Folly' is of the kind. It irritates, because Mr. Edeson, with his vigor and capabilities, is above his material. I am supposed to represent a man of action, a volunteer among army regulars, who finds himself, after a boast that he can easily rob the mail-coach, under arrest with the actual robbery at his door; plenty of possibility, with lots of waste in the making. My heroine (Sandol Milliken), with a bad father redeemed through his love for her, is fresh and girlish and earnest; Mr. Edeson is natural and convincing; Mr. Davis, in his play, disappointingly shallow. Where there are soldiers there will always be expectancy, but we are becoming impatient of the wooden perfection that has

the calculated crease in the trousers; the Gibson type needs the breath of life and the blood of a deep-seated passion; the metal rather than the mold."

"And how then do you expect to enter the realm of the drama?"

"Not through such a piece," agreed the Humorist, "nor yet through 'The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes,' a light that is going to fail. Mr. Sothern unconsciously sums up his own efforts in a recent statement: 'To see a good play poorly rendered is a torture, but this is nothing compared with the spectacle of a badly constructed, unconvincing play presented by a company of the best actors. . . . Badly written plays and plays that choose trivial incidents as an excuse for being,—these, in playwriting, are offenses against stage ideals.' There's frank criticism and it fits like a glove. I don't ask admission on the weakness of such a play. This dramatic experiment is a mere jumble of odds and ends tied together with a thread of Shakespearean quotations. Occasionally, Mr. Sothern hits a clever situation, as a man, who, groping blindly in the dark, effectively comes in contact with a chair. The art of Mr. Sothern does not find an outlet in dramatic composition. The light in his heroine's eyes is turned upon the heart of a rather disagreeable hero, to draw him away from a blind girl, with whom he determines to trifle. In the process of saving her friend, the electric wires of 'the light that lies' become entangled with the young man's heart-strings and the result is marriage. Incidentally we are shown Ann Hathaway's cottage; the Forest of Arden, where a rehearsal of 'As You Like It' is being given; a pleasing gypsy scene where hero and heroine hold converse from near posts, to which they find themselves tied, and finally a church picture. With Clyde Fitch tendencies as to scenic effect, sentiment wanders in the realm of a colorless melodrama, and

Miss Harned struggles to rise above the incidental trivialities that are strung like beads along a wire; she has before proved herself an actress of sincere qualities and magnetic expression, but her material is discouraging."

Without a word, the Critic's arm gave way, and the Humorist disappeared. "Frankness," he sighed, "is what I always advocate."

"Hear me," cried the Manager, coming from the punch-bowl, with a glass in his hand; "you are letting all sorts and conditions pass you; therefore, in the name of the legitimate drama, step aside. I represent 'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'The School for Scandal,' and I applaud the united efforts of Miss Rehan and Mr. Skinner. As Petruchio, I admire the apparent vein of humor Mr. Skinner follows, that lends a gusto to the rôle. Ten years have passed since I saw Katherine's rage, and it is somewhat tempered now in fire and in physique, but there is still the eloquence in her unrestrained sigh, and the admirable richness of her blank verse. Shakespeare brings us the inner reflection of a universal nature—a proper balance where wit comes from the deep vein of a never-dying life. Method in 'The Taming of the Shrew' may not be entirely satisfactory! situation may be far-fetched; but we feel ourselves beings of the same make."

"Bravo, bravo!" came numberless voices, and the ladies tapped loudly with their fans; "bravo, bravo!"

"I drink to the drama that pays," he continued, "good drama; the drama that is perennially true, however artificial the elements it draws unto itself from an artificial society. I drink to Sheridan's infinite skill in handling three plots, with his character-abstractions clothed in a temporal wardrobe. It is Surface drama that unfolds the human weakness of now and then—the social slavery of gossip. Each character is representative, like unto a moral-

ity play without the morality. 'Ods life and Gad, Sir Critic, such presentation is along the lines of improvement we want. Let me pass, let me pass!' And he made his way through the door without the least opposition.

A couple who stood just in front of me nodded approval.

"It's true," said one; "but what did you think of the acting?"

"Miss Rehan, as Lady Teazle," replied the other, "was most natural, though she has the unfortunate habit of detaching herself from her part, and talking at the audience. Mr. Skinner's Surface was best in the passages that required continued acting; the lighter touches did not accord with the heaviness of his build."

"I thought Edwin Varrey's Sir Peter particularly well done, and—"

The two walked away and were lost in the undulating crowd.

"By the way," said the Humorist, coming into the hall, "I forgot that I represented another play. William Norris, at your service. You won't take me seriously, hey,—in extravaganza? I tell you, if you look close enough, there is acting in the rôle of Alan that compels attention during the progress of 'Babes in Toyland.' The pictures are pretty and the music pleasing; everything is rich in color with the redeeming simplicity of design—not overcrowded, but genuinely agreeable. It takes art to sustain individuality against one hundred and fifty pretty girls and lime-light; Norris practically carries the whole force of the plot,—for there is one,—in his rôle, which makes some pleasing demands upon him."

The Poet called me away right here, and I lost much of what went on, as the waiting line slowly diminished. I sank back among a pile of sofa pillows, facing a most attractive girl, who was having an animated discussion with the Artist.

"We were talking about Mr. Howells's views of the drama in America," explained the Poet. "Here is a quotation on my card." He read it aloud: "We rashly suppose, those of us who wish to suppose anything, that the English plays are of larger scope, because they concern a larger world than ours; but this is not so. It is because our plays do not pass the bounds of the narrow personal world, not merely in their facts, but in their implications, that our plays are not so great as the English, that they are provincial, and not universal."

"I contended," said the girl, leaning forward and talking earnestly, "that this was the correct statement to apply to '*The Other Girl*', '*The Younger Mrs. Parling*', and '*That Man and I*'—two home-made pieces and one of foreign import. What makes '*The Other Girl*'? Surely not its plot, dealing with a companion (*Elsie de Wolf*) who saves a girl (*Drina de Wolf*) from a wild impulse to run away with a prize-fighter, but in the delineation of neighbor types that we all know, that we see in the cars, on the streets, in automobiles, and the like. This is photography—where the prize-fighter (well enacted by Lionel Barrymore) comes from Broadway and goes to Madison Avenue to exercise with a minister (Frank Worthing). We have read in the papers of such doings in Washington—it is all familiarly near and we are one with the events happening on the stage. Another so-called 'string' drama, whose characters are distinct, and held together, not so much by intense unifying emotion, as by the same method as are the items in a newspaper—interest in local doings, involving ourselves."

"I see what you mean," I agreed; "based on what we have seen rather than what we have felt. It were best to divide our country artificially into sectional spirits, if we are ever to be ham-

pered in our desire to Americanize the human, by forgetting it in the local. That is not so apparent in literature as it is in drama; all our plays seem to ignore the basic. The other evening I thought Mrs. Burnett was going to free herself from this limitation. '*That Man and I*' has a strong plot. A girl is defiled by a man,—who it is, her brother does not know, but, in reality, it is his nearest friend; there is your prologue. The girl dies and leaves a child, who grows into womanhood, cared for by the brother, who remains in ignorance until evidence brings him face to face with the truth and with the man. There is struggle and forbearance in a plot that demands the keenest handling, else it is melodrama. '*That Man and I*' is melodrama in many places, though it is characterized by virile dialogue and many effective situations. Mrs. Burnett has the dramatic instinct, if she has not quite grasped the method. It is because she ties herself to local isolation—the grave of the dead girl, the man with the pistol standing over it, and a stilted tableau; this is not mentality—it is but wasting the psychological moment in the non-essentials of side issues. There are many such scenes in the play that are not evolved through necessity."

"And the English example?" queried the girl.

"At least has the merit of attending unswervingly to the problem in hand," I said—"that of a woman leaving her husband and his family because of their condescending excuses for her origin. Miss Russell's acting is always of the quiet refinement that is thorough and impelling. Of *Mrs. Parling* she makes a careful study, with more of the intensive than she usually attempts. There is in '*The Younger Mrs. Parling*' a study of cause, that finds effect in the acting of Miss Russell and Mr. Mason. Anglicized, it has put on a heaviness that its origin would not justify, but

it is consistently Puritanical in all respects, save Mrs. Parling, who is of the interesting feminine that has the force to shake off the oppressiveness of circumstance."

"And dear Mrs. Gilbert," added the girl, "how wonderful she is as the old Mrs. Parling. I—"

We were interrupted by the Musician, who was bowing profusely before the Critic, and singing an Irish melody.

"So," he said, drawing himself up to the full height of his long riding coat and top hat, "Oi am Terence, the coach-driver, and ye must know that Oi am an heir in disguise—the last of the Desmonds. Here is a lawyer with papers I want, and here is my heroine. The usual ingredients and ye may depend on the conquest of sentiment, and down with the rascals! Terence, the coach-driver, loved the country-side along, gaining the prize of that cut-and-dried, never-grow-old Mavourneen love, with the sweet, mild voice of Olcott. Let me in for auld lang syne, and Mary's sake. Hist, but the Oirish conquer always—" he winked and disappeared behind the curtain.

"And the cry is, still they come," sighed the Critic; "a bit of a problem and a bit of history. And so you, Bernez, can not escape from priesthood—and you would betray the scamp of an aristocrat to the representative of the people, to be shot; but you must hear his confession of the wrong he has done to the girl you love. Once a priest, always a priest, and in the light of the full force of this you must cover his escape with your life. 'The Sacrament of Judas' even was inviolable, and you are still a priest! Are you a play?"

"No," asserted the Dramatist, "only an outlet for a bit of Mr. Bellew's acting—not particularly convincing, since a problem ought never to be an incident. Scope for a four-act piece in one—and the dialogue explanatory and argumentative, rather than any-

thing else. I ask admittance because I want to say a few words to Lady Teazle."

By now, the line gradually had melted into the greenroom, and dancing had begun. Moira Loney glided down the center on the arm of the Earl of Carlton, Merely Mary Ann, with Lancelot, while the Virginian needed no second introduction to his heroine. The Other Girl chatted with the minister in the corner, and near the fireplace I found the Mother and Father trying to hide "The Secret of Polichinelle."

"Mr. Thompson," I said, going up to him, "that entire little incident was delightful, original, simple. And so you both thought the other didn't know —ha, ha! what a couple you are!"

"Well, it was rather unreasonable. But, you see," said the old man, "when we scheme to marry our boy to a girl, and find him already married, and with a son, in the face of the French law, why, it's hard to own defeat."

"But how charming the idea of your both slipping to the new home at different times to see the wife and boy you scorned in your mutual presence. The domestic atmosphere is most happily conceived."

"Hello, you!" came a voice from behind me, and the counterpart of Ferguson's inimitable slyness passed me, undeniably original.

"Yes," I continued, "a little glimpse of a home comedy that makes the heart glow in proportion as the laughter increases. 'Polichinelle' is a crystal dug from French soil, with but few excrescences of doubtful tenor; it has been polished down to an angle that reflects purity. The untempered original is gleaned in the few suggested situations that can not harm, and at least show where it were best to stop."

And so we gave our Gambol—auspicious because of one event. The greenroom coterie gathered together once during the evening—all but the

Poet, who was nowhere to be found. Suddenly the Humorist beckoned us to follow him, and a line of tip-toeing figures crept near to the alcove in the hall. There he sat, with the hand of Mary Ann raised to his lips—Merely

Mary Ann, with the blush that glowed deeper beneath the smudge of black on her cheeks.

"Hello, you!" we called,—and that is how the Poet's secret became the secret of Polichinelle.

I Go To Sing Sing

BY NUMBER 1500

A BOUT noon on the day succeeding my sentence, I was notified to make ready to go to Sing Sing. It was not an entirely unpleasant summons. Little as I knew of what was before me, I was confident that it could not be worse than the Tombs Prison where I had spent three months amid a crowd of noisy, foul-mouthed, cheap criminals of the kind so numerous in New York City. Vermin swarmed in the cells and the turnkeys, like the horse leech, cried, "Give, give," until my small reserve of money was nearly exhausted. The turnkeys were little cleaner than the majority of the prisoners, except in speech, and even more noisy. My cell-mate, at this time, was a gambler who had shot three men in a bar-room fight. He was a cheerful fellow, assured of the justice of his cause and confident that a righteous judge and an incorruptible jury would give him his freedom, but with the suspicion of his class, born of a careful study of the nether side of human nature, he was fearful that neither on the bench nor in the jury box would he meet either one or the other. However, he broke away from the discussion of his own serious affairs to cheer me with such hopeful things as he could think of.

How hollow was all he said, but how helpful it was in that day of trial and fear.

"Why, you don't do ten years, you know; only about six, maybe less. Your time is commuted by good behavior, and of course it's up to you to behave the very best you know how. You'll get to work right away and employment will kill time. The days will be occupied and at night you'll be tired and sleep ten hours, maybe twelve. That's half your time. It's like coming out in three years; that's what you'll do, three years. You'll have books and if you can get a pack of cards you can play 'patience.' There's nothing that eats up the black dog like 'patience,' but possibly you can't get a pack of cards there. But don't worry; you won't have to work beyond your strength. The doctor will look out for your health, the chaplain for your soul; you won't have any rent to pay. Everything will be provided; you won't have a care. Say, you can't have a single worry. It will be paradise, if you only look at it right. That's what it'll be, paradise. Let's take a drink. I hear the sheriff outside rattling the handcuffs. How?"

Nothing was easier to get in the Tombs than "dope" and whisky. Food

wasn't cheaper and my cell-mate had an abundant supply of good spirits. He made a couple of stout high-balls which we drank with mutual satisfaction and then my summons came. There were seven convicted men in my group and we were handcuffed four and three together. My companions were an electrical engineer, a graduate of Stevens' Institute, who was sentenced to four years for burglary. He said he had met more than a thousand men who said the same thing; I began to have doubts. He figured in the newspapers as the "mysterious burglar," and the romantic school of reporters built him up a reputation that made Eugene Aram's history pale and insipid. As a matter of fact, he was a drunkard and when in his cups would wander off into office buildings or apartment houses and steal what he could from a copper boiler to a watch, and sell it for drink. Nevertheless, he was a man of good manners and personally clean. A jaunty young thief, neatly dressed and making his fourth trip up the river, completed our trio. The other four men were middle aged tramps with jail-bred written all over them.

As soon as we were ironed we were marched off to the van which stood in the yard and pushed inside, the door was locked, leaving us in gloom, the driver cracked his whip and shouted to the gate-keeper that he was slow in getting the gate open, the wheels turned on the rough stone pavement, drowning the voice of the jaunty young thief who was trying to sing "I'm off for S. S. for fifteen years," and our journey began.

I had looked forward to this particular experience with dread and loathing. I had, at times, seen at the Grand Central Station a gang of handcuffed men, herded by sheriffs, being pushed through the eagerly curious crowd that stared at them and, with unreserved comment, pointed out the notorious

characters. I had even paused to gaze upon them myself, perhaps entertaining for a moment the terrible fancy of how some day, I, too, might be in the same position, and how the crowd would gaze at me with the morbid interest and unsympathetic regard I had bestowed upon others. That fear was now realized, and as the van drew near the station, I trembled before the ordeal.

The van backed up at the waiting-room entrance and the door flew open. There was the crowd filling the sidewalk, the newsboys and bootblacks crouched in the front rank, men and women pressing eagerly forward and staring with cold, curious eyes upon our misery. I didn't hear what they said, but I knew what they were saying.

Suddenly I saw a reporter perched in the window, leveling his camera at us. I had a compact parcel of underclothing in my free hand and with an impulsive movement, I hurled it at the kodak with true aim, knocking it out of the reporter's hand into the area below.

"Hi! hi!" yelled the crowd, delighted at this added excitement. "Good boy," cried a tall man, thrusting a bunch of cigars into my bosom. "Hit 'em again!"

In the midst of this confusion, the sheriff hustled us into and through the waiting-room and out on the train platform, not yet opened for the other passengers. Seats were found for us in the smoking car, and the young thief took up his song about going to S. S. for fifteen years. Somebody touched me on the shoulder. It was the tall man who had forced upon me the cigars.

"I liked that trick, old fellow. You've got spirit. You'll get through it all right. How long have you got?"

"No talking to the prisoners," growled the sheriff.

"That's all right, Doyle. He's an old friend of mine. Don't you know me? I'm one of the Pinks!"

"Oh, all right," replied Doyle, ac-

cepting the proffered cigar. "I didn't see it was you."

All the prisoners were smoking and exchanging confidences. I had had enough of detectives and turned my head resolutely out of the window. The crowd was coming on the platform. A woman stood near the window looking into my face. From where she stood she could see the steel bracelet and chain that linked me to the "mysterious burglar." He saw it, too, and cast his handkerchief over the glistening chain. My eyes fell under her clear, pitying gaze and just then the train moved. I took one more glance and saw that her own were filled with tears. Then she leaned over and clasped to her bosom a boy of six or seven years of age. I knew what was in her heart. It was a prayer for her son that in his life he should meet no such fate as mine. Then the tunnel engulfed us in darkness.

* * * * *

Before we got to Sing Sing some one produced a bottle of whisky and the prisoners all took a drink. The "mysterious burglar" took several and under their influence became garrulous and afterward sung bass to the young thief's song about going to S. S. The detective ceased his efforts to attract my attention. The sheriffs smoked and chatted with the passengers who passed through the aisle and gazed at us. My limbs were numb and I shivered as with a cold.

Familiar scenes flashed by. I saw High Bridge and counted its arches, a thing I had never done before, although I had passed it a hundred times. Then I thought of Fagin in the condemned cell the night before his execution, studying the squares in the carpet, and I wondered how Dickens found out the workings of the mind of a man in such a situation. I tried to think of other things, to estimate my remorse, and to trace it to its origin. Was it

fear of what was before me: the unknown life I was about to enter, with its undefined horrors and its awful ignominy? No; I had no apprehension of that. Whatever it might prove to be, it would be of a nature to deaden sensibility. In the great population of convicts I was about to join, I would be only a unit and among my degraded fellows could perhaps lose my individuality and escape even from myself.

And then some day it would be over. I would come out, still in the prime of life, with another chance to secure some of its happiness and possibly some of its prizes. I would go far away to the west, to South America, but far, far away, and in a new field, where I was absolutely unknown, take up the tangled skein with courage and success. And thus before I reached the prison, Hope whispered her alluring promises in my willing ear and I had formed a plan ready for execution when, ten years later, I should be free.

In this improved condition of mind, the train drew up at the Sing Sing platform and we alighted. The platform was crowded with people, but no one paid any attention to us. A gang of manacled men in that place was too common a sight to attract notice. Even the school-boys who were playing marbles on the sidewalk did not deign a glance in our direction, and I felt that my importance as a unit among convicts was near its vanishing point. I was pleased with the sense of oblivion. We straggled down the railway track, crossing from one to another to avoid the trains, climbed the bank of the high bluff and turned into the roadway before the prison. Here a sheriff sided up to me and said:

"Black, they'll take that good overcoat from you. If you want to send it home you hand it to me when your irons are off and I'll express it to your friends."

I knew it; it was a "touch," the last

I Go To Sing Sing

"touch." The turnkeys and sheriffs had got nearly all I had.

"You can give me a dollar," he continued unblushingly, "just to pay the express charges, you know."

"Just so," I replied; "you can have the coat. Why not?"

"That's all right, Black; Jimmy Connaughton is a great friend of mine. He's principal keeper. I'll speak to him for you and you'll get a good job," and he turned to the "mysterious burglar" to get his coat.

Approaching the prison the sheriffs were joined by two uniformed keepers, armed with big clubs, heavier and more formidable than a policeman's night stick, who turned us sharp around into an office at the right of the entrance where a clerk in civilian dress stood holding out his hand for our commitments. These he scanned carefully, calling each of our names in turn, and having found them all regular, expressed his willingness to receive us. The sheriffs then removed the handcuffs.

"Stop that talking. Black, stand here." I stepped forward.

"Face the wall!" snarled the clerk.

"What's your full name?

"How old are you?

"Where were you born?

"Married?

"Father or mother living?

"What did you work at outside?

"To whom do you want word sent in case of your death?

"Give me any money or jewelry you have. They will be kept for you.

"Ever convicted before?

"No? Make sure. I think I've seen you before. I'll find you out. Keep your hands at your side.

"Black, your sentence is ten years; by carefully observing the rules you can gain three years and six months, leaving you six years and six months. Face the wall! Fold your arms. Keep your mouth shut."

The little clerk fairly barked out these questions and instructions and we trembled in his awful presence. What must the disciplinary officers be if this clerk was so terrible! The others in turn were questioned and snarled over and then the rules were read to us. We were told that talking was not allowed, that we must be respectful to officers and instructors, industrious, obedient to all orders, that we could receive a visit once in two months, write a letter once a month and receive all letters of a proper character addressed to us at the prison. Once in two months a box of eatables weighing not more than thirty-five pounds could be sent by friends or purchased from private funds in the hands of the clerk.

"Fall in!" said the uniformed officer, speaking for the first time. "Put your hand on the man in front of you. Close up for lock-step. Silence! Forward, march!"

He led us down a broad flight of stairs, at the top of which the sheriff, laden with overcoats, stood waving us farewell. "Your friends will hear from you all right, all right," he cried. "Good by, Black. They'll get your things to-night." They never did, of course, but it didn't matter.

A door flew open and we entered the prison, a dark, grawsome place with interminable rows of open cells, floor over floor, surrounded by long, narrow galleries. We passed it quickly and emerged into the yard, a quadrangle bounded by the massive prison on one side and faced by various buildings of mean appearance on the others. We had only a glimpse of this environment, as we were hurried through the silent yard up two flights of stairs to the state shop. Here we encountered a fierce man with a penetrating eye, who gazed at us with ill-concealed contempt. He knew none of us until his gaze lighted on the jaunty young thief who, having finally arrived in Sing Sing, had

ceased to sing about it. The keeper's face lighted up.

"Ah there, Jackson, back again?" he cried. "Didn't think I would know you, hey? Huh, I know every man that's been here. Face the wall! Take off your clothes." So we stripped and were put in a bath and thrown a suit of knitted second-hand underclothing, much patched but not enough, and a pair of coarse stockings. Those of us who had good shoes were permitted to keep them except the "mysterious burglar," who wore patent leathers. They had to come off and were replaced by brogues, which are as shapeless and uncomfortable as any footwear can be made. A convict barber clipped our heads and shaved us clean, meanwhile gathering from each his pedigree. Striped suits were then served out to us: jacket, vest, trousers and cap, like the underclothing, very shabby and ill-fitting.

A more pitiable sight than a freshly-dressed convict on his first arrival it is difficult to imagine. The coarse, worn clothes given him have taken set to a smaller or a larger man and are as objectionable to the embarrassed and harassed wearer as they are ridiculous to the observer. However, we made the best of our absurd appearance and were marched away to get night buckets and then to our cells in the main prison. As we passed through the yard we encountered convicts in working or marching parties or singly and they all paused to weigh us critically. My impression was that they were rather impertinent in their manner and that their survey was as odious as the curiosity evinced by the people at the Grand Central Station. I noted, too, that the discipline did not seem to trouble them very much and that they chatted and laughed with one another, pointing out Jackson, whom they knew, and who grew quite animated under their cordial recognition.

Our keeper was a silent man and

made no comment upon our behavior except to say as we entered the door where were some tables laden with cut pieces of bread.

"Take one large piece and as many small ones as you want," and being thus provided with supper he put us, one by one, in cells and, locking the doors, went away without a word. My own cell was number 826. It was precisely like twelve hundred other cells arranged in rows of one hundred each, back to back, on six tiers, and was built of solid, fairly well dressed stone. The gallery is an iron frame with board floor, and egress to the cell was through an iron door, the upper half grated, the lower part welded sheet iron. Through these bars, cutting a space twenty-four by eighteen inches, is admitted the only light and air that enters. There is a hole about four inches square in the back wall, giving a pretense of ventilation through the spaces in the central wall of the prison.

Fifteen feet from the tier rises another stone wall, pierced in front of each cell with a window thirty-six by fifteen inches, but entirely disconnected with the cellular structure, reaching above it and roofed in so that the prison is really double, one part being a massive shell inclosing the other. These walls are built of stone and are forty-two inches thick. The cells are seven feet by three feet six inches and are six feet high. My own contained, when I entered it, an iron water kit, a wash basin, an iron bed frame hooked on the wall, with a dirty, lumpy straw mattress, a filthy straw pillow and two shabby, coarse blankets that had never been aired and which were so dirty and stench-pervaded that only fire could have purified them. There was also a tin cup full of a dark hot liquid. They called it coffee. I met a similar beverage every day for nearly seven years, and the title given it was unconvincing to the last. It was only as much like

I Go To Sing Sing

coffee as rank hypocrisy is like pure religion. There was no stool, nor chair, nor table, no other furniture except a few spikes in the whitewashed walls.

I did not take note of all these things at once. I came to know them later on, but that hard bleakness and squalor fell upon my soul as if their weight would press out hope and life. As I stood, for the first time, in what was to be my home for six and a half years I gave way to despair, the despair that rages impotently and finds expression in curses. Ah, well, in that same cell I came to know hours of peace and rest and to long in the daytime for its quiet and privacy.

But those first days and nights!

Even now I shudder at their recollection. The prison seemed to draw closer, no longer impending, but pressing upon me physically and asserting its grim terrors in my heart, stout enough till then, but fitted now with such forebodings of nameless horror as drive men mad. Oh, to be mad indeed! To be able to cast aside the awful consciousness that this was no dream, but an appalling reality, armed with infinite miseries to overcome me forever! For a time, and only for a short time, Hope fled away. When she came again it was to depart no more, but with her presence to dispel the phantasmagoria that greeted my entrance as a convict into those horrible Sing Sing dungeons.

With the Author's Poems

BY WILLIAM WATSON

UNDER your green embattled down,
Past the old quay and drowsy town,
On from his many arches gray,
The Torridge takes his ancient way.

Beneath your walls he passes by,
A pensive friend, a grave ally.
Read him my songs; it seems to me,
His mood and mine do well agree.

The ocean guards your Devon home;
His gifts are weed, and shell, and foam.
Wasteful of shell, and foam, and weed,
He locks his jewels fast indeed.

The poets, rich in dreams alone,
Will have you make their wealth your own;
For whoso hath must never hold
The moonrise-pearl and sunset-gold.

Idle Hours in Venice

BY VANCE THOMPSON

(*For Giuseppi Penso, Gondolier*)

I

THE GIRL AND THE SWORD

EVERY day, when the iron giants over the gateway beat twelve times on the bronze bell—then, as the pigeons go whirling skyward in thousands, a blue tumult of wings—she walks on the sunny side of the Piazzetta of Saint Mark's. She is a German governess, young and slight, with eyes of turquoise and hair like yellow linen. Her smile is vague as a reproach. She leads with her two little boys, one in black and one in red. They gabble a mixture of Russian, French and German, and, for boys of six and seven, are very world-worn and cynical. She, by way of joyous contrast, is young and fresh as a field of clover—oh, the eternal April of that girl!

Daily we pass each other many times, as we go up and down the long Piazzetta—in the sunlight—

It is pleasantest, when the band plays, Sunday and Thursday afternoons; then we stroll—or feed corn to the pigeons, or drink coffee at the little iron tables, listening to the music—until five o'clock, when the sun is hid behind the tall buildings. The brass band is that of the Eightieth Infantry. It plays the latest things from "Rigoletto" and "Trovatore"—always the *Miserere* and the *Finale*—and from "Gazza Ladra." She and I, passing,

smile critically—for we are in speechless communion—

We do not care much for "Trovatore," blared by a military band.

* * *

Last Sunday it played Puccini's "La Vie de Bohème." *Je m'en fiche.*

* * *

The red boy is the elder; his name is Paul; he is very intelligent; yesterday he came and planted himself in front of me and said: "*Voyons! Moi, je déteste les Anglais!*"

"Paul! Paul!" she cried; and he ran after her, laughing.

She is an extremely attractive girl; I wonder who she is—when you see a girl scores of times a day (in Venice), you can't help wondering who she is. You would like to sit on marble steps in the sunlight, and—looking out on the shimmering silver and bronze of the lagoon—listen, while she told you all she had ever done or thought or dreamed. (I have never seen a girl so fragile and delicate; her hands and feet are absurdly small; I could make a ring round her ankle with my thumb and first finger; sometimes, I have noticed, her eyes are gray rather than blue.) The other day Don Carlos stopped and spoke to her and shook hands with the boys. He is foolish, this old man, who would be King of Spain. To show you just how ignoble he is, let me tell you that he promenades his stomach, his

whiskers, his wife and the Spanish flag through the waterways of Venice in a—naphtha launch!

When next we passed I said to the red boy:

"Monsieur Paul!"

"Dites," said he, curtly.

"Eh, bien, moi, je déteste les rois manqués!"

Even in that there was small satisfaction; I went into the grim library of St. Mark's and read—it was cold and gray there. I read a book of sermons.

* * *

"Sermones quadragesimales reverendi patris F. Michaelis Menotii"; they were printed in 1534. I read them by way of penance, not for pleasure. One of them, however, pleased me. It was the fourth (and last) I browsed over; it had to do with that stormy scene in which St. Peter cut off the ear of one Malchus, who was, I believe, the servant of the High Priest of that country. Now, when he had described that tragic Gethsemanean night, the good Father Menotus came to his logic, and "Why?" he asked, "Why"—

But let us read the Latin of it first.

"Quare Dominus noluit quod gladio uteretur Petrus?

Quia Papa erat . . . quia ipse dedicerat ludere de spatha; nam, volendo amputare caput, scindit auriculam!"

"Why did the Saviour disapprove of Peter's use of the sword?

"For two reasons: First, because Peter was Pope (and it is not the business of popes or ecclesiastics to go to war), and, second, because Peter had never taken fencing lessons—evidently, for, trying to cut off the fellow's head, he merely sliced away an ear!"

Like Plato in the play, dear Father Menotus, you reason well.

* * *

When I came out of the Doge's Palace there was only a little patch of sun-

light in the Piazzetta; and they had gone. I did not care; you do not know how gladly I would give all the women in the world for the ghost of one woman, who is dead.

II

IL MARE MI CHIAMI

THE sea is calling to-night, Giuseppe—thrust hard against the oar, drive fast and far the slim, black boat—over this Lagoon of the Dead—far and fast under the windy sky; seaward—

(Ho! the little moon that journeys with us overhead, the *demi-lune!*)

Behind us San Giorgio cuts the sky; the clamor of the bells dies out; yonder the dun Lido sinks into the water—a few lights twinkling yellowly over it; and this is the sea, the unarithmeticable sea, blown over by the winds of midnight; push on, Giuseppe—

I do not love rivers; they are silent and perfidious; they flow on forever—always going by—the eternal things that pass; and this endless movement, which is a parody of God and a mockery of His Way, breeds a great fear in me; I hate the rivers. But the sea I love. It is profound, mysterious, unknown; it is turbulent and pitiless, but it is loyal—it never deceives—

Let the boat drift, Giuseppe,—

Hark to the unknown sounds! And look—we shall see the things that are not—here to-night! This is a graveyard, Giuseppe; a graveyard without graves, a tombless one; at night strange things happen, on the sea. Do you hear? Do you see?

Nor I—bah! we are captives all, Giuseppe; here on the swing of the tide with the wind in our hair—captives all; locked in the dungeon of life, beating the stone walls, peering through the window bars—gaining but a glimpse

of far horizons, feeling but faintly the
stir of the upper air—

Home, Giuseppe, yonder where the
pale lights of Venice burn.

III

THE POET'S STEEL HELMET

"PALACE of Caterina Cornaro,"
said Giuseppe, "Queen of Cy-
prus; now the city pawnshop;
"Palace of Lodovico Manin, last of
the Doges; now the Bank of Italy;

"Palace Mocenigo, where lived Lor'
Byron, English poet"—

"Giuseppe," said I, turning to the
man at the oar, "the other evening, as
we took our wine in the Street of the
Assassins, with your friend Titta, I had
word of the Helmet. Have you for-
gotten?"

"No, Signore."

"Good; this afternoon, then, we shall
go to the Helmet."

* * *

The gondola, swinging out of the
Grand Canal, glided toward the Tre-
viso. I smoked a cigarette and thought
of the Helmet. Did it exist? Was it
in truth the Helmet? I knew that Mam-
brino's helmet turned out to be a bar-
ber's basin; and I was skeptical. I have
seen so many relics, so many holy
shrouds, so many locks of Bonnie
Prince Charlie's hair, and so many
Titians that Titian forgot to paint.
And yet, why not? Why should my
friends, the gondoliers, band themselves
together to nobble my good faith?
Certainly Lord Byron found death in
Greece, and Titta was with him when
he died. That Venetian gondolier had
been long in the poet's service. He
went with the dead lord's body to Lon-
don and then vanished into the Orient;
he was last heard of in 1840. A young
brother—quite a lad then—was heir to
Titta's gondola and goods; the son of

that young brother awaits us, here, in
the old palace in the Treviso, by the
boat-yard. A tall, hearty man, this
Titta, proud and robust as one of Ti-
tian's apostles. He takes off his hat as
we enter; we keep ours on; it is Vene-
tian etiquette. We drink a glass of
Padovan wine; then Titta:

"The Helmet, Signore, and the
cap."

The cap is a velvet beretto, dull-red
and old.

"Lor' Byron gave it to my uncle one
day before he went away. The Helmet
he wore in Greece and my uncle brought
it home with him. Many English have
come and made great offers, but there
are things that can not be bought by
English gold."

Titta lays his hand on his heart.

A shining steel Helmet, with an azure
crest; the rim bears, engraved, the
poet's arms and the motto, "BYRON
CREDE"—in what, I wonder; and you
and I?

* * *

The poet's Helmet—

As Dr. Johnson said of the Immor-
tality of the Soul, "I should like more
evidence of it, sir."

Here, then: A picture of that Titta
who went to Greece, dressed in Turkish
costume, smoking a long pipe.

A portrait of Lord Byron, engraved
at Cefalonia shortly before his death,
in which (O, unbeliever!) he wears the
self-same Helmet I hold in my hand;
under the portrait the lines:—

*Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-
cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's
grave—
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?*

And, then, on a large twice-folded
sheet of paper these words, which I
copied out of the Italian into English:

"Noble Lord Noel Byron, peer of England, dead at thirty-seven years of age of a flux of blood to the head, under the care of Doctor and Surgeon Francesco Brunno, of Lissandrino. Said Lord Byron died in Greece at the city of Messolungi, 19 April, 1824, at seven in the evening. There the said Byron was mourned not only by the citizens, but by all Greece. The 21st of the same month the funeral service was celebrated with great pomp in the church of Santa Maria.

"The evening of the 23d we took up the body and carried it to his house, where it was at once placed in a casket; and, the day of the 24th, we departed from that city with the body, passing the Lazaretto of Zanti, leaving only in Messolungi, at the church of Santa Maria, his viscera enclosed in a silver vase—and all there looked upon it with veneration, saying it enclosed the viscera of their liberator and father. With such words did the people of Messolungi speak of Lord Byron."

* * *

"Poor milor' Byron," said Titta, "he died, holding my uncle's hand and that of Fletcher, his valet."

* * *

"Byron crede" is the Italian motto on the Helmet; and you and I—what faith have we? In the Helmet, I mean.

IV

THE SPANGLED SKIRT

ALWAYS the gondolas pass, obscure and fugitive, as in the frescoes of the Canalazzo—

It would be pleasant to think that in the dark mystery of them are *cicisbei* and Medori in *zazzerino*—hand on sword and whisper on lip—and ladies in masks; but all that colorful world is dead for ever—bitter and gay, sad and

cruel, with its songs and ironies and sins, the old world is ashes and blown dust. Louis Bouilhet (or Flaubert belies him) projected a poem called "The Last Banquet," which was to be a cenacle of patricians, who, the night the soldiers of Alaric took Rome, poisoned themselves and died, toasting the grandeur of antiquity and girding at the littleness of modern life. Between Bouilhet's day and the fall of Rome lay no wider gulf than that between Venice of now and the vanished city of the Renaissance. Little by little the old festivals have died out. There is a lean mockery of popular joy on the day of Santa Maria della Salute, when the Grand Canal is spanned by a bridge of boats and the people saunter across it and munch cakes, nuts, pumpkin-rinds. One little puppet show makes for gaiety. A black and white "Puricennello" does joyous murder upon judge and hangman, and the ragged, laughing Venetians cheer as though he had, indeed, slain the law. It is not that they are lawless, these suave and gay Venetians. They have 11,000 laws—exactly the number of virgins buried in Cologne; but in these islanders, as in the tamest of us, there is the atavistic impulse, the eternal memory of the lawless savagery wherein for ages they wandered, glad and unabashed.

Night came. In the Campiello Squellini—an idle little square in the quarter of the Frari—torches flared. There a girl danced the slack-rope. Her ragged finery, her spangled skirt, fluttered in the wind. There were dirty ribbons on her long balancing pole. She gave little cries as she bounded in the air and came down, light as a bird, or the swaying rope. A dwarf, one side of his face deformed with lupus, ground the hurdy-gurdy. And this is the gaiety of Venice on a festival night. Arlecchino, Brighella and Don Marzio have danced away for ever—

The masked ball is over.

V

"DELICATE VIANDS AND WINE"

A LONG, narrow room, lined with books on one side; on the other side steep and narrow windows look out into the court of the Doge's Palace; it is the Biblioteca Nazionale di S. Marco. Glancing up, I see a little of the blue sky; now and then a pigeon cuts across the window; tourists climb the Giant's Staircase and stare at Sansovino's sea-god. On the slanting desk in front of me is an old book—yellow parchment and brown-black, crabbed text; and this book is the "Grammatica Latina" of Francesco Priscianese, printed in Venice, says the title-page, by "Bartolomeo Zanetti, nel messo di Agosto, MDXL." A soft-footed attendant has just brought it to me; I thank him in a whisper and turn the leaves. And what have you and I to do with this faded learning? Patience, and turn the leaves; this is a rare book; I know not if another copy exists in any library—how good a smell of time there is about it!

Once there was a supper at Titian's house, long ago, and men drank and talked; our grammarian was there and kept a record of the feast, so that we, across the years, may sit at table with them.

The story is told in a swollen footnote. Titian would not talk of his art—

(Indeed, what is there to be said? Beethoven wrote: "Dear, dearest Bettina, who understands art? With whom can one talk of that great Divinity?")

Titian would not talk of art; but at table were learned friends of his, il Dolce, il Navigero, the poet, and other academicians of the *Aldina*. Would you know the other guests? They were il Sansovino, the architect; Peter, the Aretine; the historian Nardi and our grammarian. They supped in the gar-

den, which gave on the sea, and in the serene sky the far, white peaks of the Julien Alps were visible. Flights of gondolas passed—from the Quay of Slaves at Venice and from the island of Murano—in the warm twilight; over the magic of the water came songs, "feminine songs," our grammarian avers; he adds there "were delicate viands and most precious wines." Now, with the wine there was a mighty discussion between Peter Aretinus and our grammarian. It is all in print, here in the musty folio. Will you read it? Nor I. It were better to picture to oneself Titian, an elbow on the table, a smile on his red mouth, watching the angry philologists—or best, go look at his "Bacchus and Ariadne," yonder, which proves he knew his Catullus.

"Finally," says the grammarian, "the supper ended peacefully and with merriment, for the two handsome daughters of Peter Aretinus came to fetch him home."

The dutiful girls; they were Adria and Austria; the echo of that old merriment comes faint and thin to the ear; close up the book, and you, O, soft-footed attendant, bear it hence to its sarcophagus! In the Piazzetta the pigeons fly in the sunlight; women, who may be lovable, are drinking coffee at Florian's; let us go—

VI

"A DAY WITHOUT SUN"

IT was cloudy that day in the Piazzetta and a trifle cold; there was no music; I sat for an hour in Florian's and read Mr. Chamberlain's speech in the London *Times*. Florian's has not been closed, day or night, for two hundred years. What a deal of folly the gilt cupids have looked down upon! How many gloomy eyes have stared into the mirrors!

In this land of sunlight the rare, dark days are doubly melancholy. Some people walked in the Piazzetta—no one in whom I took any interest; certainly She did not come; I sat by the window and should have seen her—or at least the red boy; he is conspicuous as a Pharos. A painter of my friends came and talked to me for a long time. He was deeply grieved, I gathered, because one of his friends had been hanged. This roused me. I ordered some more coffee and said: "Tell me about it."

In the square without the parade went up and down—pink abbés, smart officers in sky-blue cloaks, German students, women in shawls, ladies in hats, obese dames selling flowers, a newspaper vendor, calling the "*Corriere della Sera*," children, and pigeons, pigeons—

"The hanging of Filippo Calendario," said the painter of my friends, "was a crime against art."

Never having heard of Filippo, I cared not a button whether he was hanged or not; but the painter insisted I should know these things. He dragged me across the square and we stood in front of the palace of the Doges.

"There," said he, pointing to the beautiful loggia, "they hanged him between those two red pillars, his face to the Piazzetta; on that palace of which he was one of the architects. He was implicated in the conspiracy of Marino Faliero."

Calendario sculptured the capitals of five of the stout, squat pillars that support the façade of the ducal palace. His figures are rude symbols of vice and virtue, done with vigor, freedom and force of hand. There is one on the fourth pillar from the entrance that I go to see daily now. It is a mailed warrior, battle-ax in hand; a bold, haughty, lifeful figure of a man. Above is the inscription:—

"INJUSTICIA SAEVA SUM"

I am cruel injustice; did he foresee that strangling death between the red pillars, Filippo Calendario, when he chiseled deep those words?

* * *

The twilights are chill in Venice, these winter days, but I walked in the square until all the lights were lit; nothing happened; no one came.

"I am dogged by a Thyestian destiny," said I, and, soothed by the phrase, went to dinner. The next day—but there was no next day. Like those specters that waited upon Gulliver and vanished, the little boy in red and he in black and the Aprilian governess with hair like yellow linen, disappeared. Where and how, I know not. One day they were. One day they decorated life. And then—they vanished into the blue-hilled, skeptical Italian landscape.

With them went a little of the charm of Venice; the hours are idler now—

Reading Sauce

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

"Vive Litrychoor"

THE successful novelist travels in state, even when climbing Vesuvius.

There is something quite imposing about the announcement that Booth Tarkington, "accompanied by nine guides and a caterer," recently made the ascent.—*New York Sun*.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through a mountain village passed
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
"Vive Litrychoor."

Nine guides the perilous path defined;
A caterer came on behind,
And half a dozen liveried "coons,"
With salads, ices, macaroons—
"Vive Litrychoor."

His retinue, his princely dress
And princelier bearing spelled Success;
And like a silver clarion rung,
In accents of the Hoosier tongue,
"Vive Litrychoor."

"Oh, stay," the maiden cried, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast."
"Thanks," said the youth; "that's very
nice.
Allow me to suggest an ice.

"Vive Litrychoor."

"Beware!" the aged author cried.
"Before a tumble goeth pride."
"Peace, and unhand me, greybeard
loon,"
The youth said. "Have a macaroon.
"Vive Litrychoor."

And as he passed from village sight,
Upon the listening ear of night,
His voice fell like a falling star—
"Hi! caterer, fetch me a cigar!
"Vive Litrychoor."

"Music in Chesterton"

We have received the following letter from Dr. Criticus Flub-Dubbe, Professor of Musical Theory in the University of Oklahoma, whose musical erudition is the marvel of two continents:

SIR—I desire to protest against the loose manner in which you literary folk make use of musical terms. What would Mr. Chesterton be at in the following passage from his Browning monograph:

"Meredith is really a singer producing strange notes and cadences difficult to follow because of the delicate rhythm of the song he sings."

"Note," "cadence," "rhythm" are technical terms in music. There are twelve notes in the tempered scale, all of them well and favorably known, and when a singer strikes a "strange" note he sings "out of tune." Why should a "cadence," which means the close of a musical thought or expression, be difficult to follow because of the delicacy(!) of the rhythm? Has Meredith's complexity of thought driven him to the use of the perfect scale of fifty-three notes to the octave? Is this what Meredith and Strauss are leading us to?

(I shudder to think of what Wagner would have done with *Tristram and Isolde* if his scale contained more chromatic tones.)

But, you say, the passage quoted is probably a Chestertonian paradox, which sounds well even if we can not grasp the precise contents. Very good: I will carry my quarrel beyond Chesterton to Browning himself. Take the lines in "A Toccata of Galuppi's"—

"Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must be answered to!

So, an octave struck the answer. Oh,
they praised you, I dare say!"

At first glance this seemed a slip of
the pen: Browning meant to write,

"So, the tonic struck the answer"—

for the dominant is answered by the
tonic. But a little reflection convinced
me that Browning purposely omitted
the fifth, the dominant which was get-
ting on the gentleman's nerves. So the
line complete should read—

"So, the octave of the tonic struck the
answer. Oh, they praised you, I
dare say."

As this is too long, it may be short-
ened to—

"So the octave of the tonic struck the
answer, I dare say."

If Browning thought the dominant
could be overcome so easily he did not
know how persistent the dominant really
can be. The overtones of any given
tone produce most prominently a domi-
nant harmony, so that everything we
hear is a dominant, which is never de-
finitively answered.

In the "Toccata" occurs also the
lines—

"What? Those lesser thirds so plain-
tive, sixths diminished, sigh on
sigh,
Told them something?"

They certainly tell us something—
that Browning, for all his musical learn-
ing, did not know the A, B, C's of har-
mony. Who ever heard of a diminished
sixth? A diminished sixth would be a
perfect fifth, and a perfect fifth is al-
ways a perfect fifth.

I am not of those who would analyze
the beauty and music out of poetry;

but I maintain, sir, that when you writ-
ers get upon the subject of music you
should, if not musicians also, stick to
your own language, and not addle our
brains with our own technical terms. I
am, sir, yours severely,

CRITICUS FLUB-DUBBE.

The Humorists' Convention

A literary event of singular import-
ance, and an Exposition feature of un-
common interest, will be the gathering
at St. Louis, May 29, of the Humorists,
Poet-Philosophers and Philosopher-
Poets of America. They are to have
one whole day, June 1, during which all
other Exposition business will be sus-
pended, and nothing discussed save hu-
mor, poetry and philosophy of the com-
mon or garden variety.

Bulletin No. 7, which has just
reached us, is concerned chiefly with the
Humorists' Parade, the formation of
which will be as follows:

The John Keats Brass Band.
Mark Twain, Marshal, on a chestnut
horse.

Platoon of Mounted Humorists.
American Federation of Journeymen
Poets.

Cage containing Philosophers, all born
in captivity.

The Percy Shelley Fife and Drum
Corps.

Veteran Humorists.

Sons of Veteran Humorists.

Humorists on Crutches.

Surviving Humorists, War of 1812.
Platform of Performing Humorists,
putting up stovepipes.

The Alfred Tennyson Brass Band.

Former Humorists.

Prominent Humorists in Carriages.

Invited Humorists.

Humorists on foot.

Reviews

THE THEORY OF ADVERTISING. By Walter Dill Scott, Ph. D. Maynard & Company. \$2.00 net.

BY FRANCIS BELLAMY

"WHY wasn't it written before?" is the natural question after one reads this piquant "Theory of Advertising." It is about a subject that literally everybody is intimately interested in. It treats that subject from the personal point of view of everybody. It musters the advertising pages of the magazines, and challenges them with the interrogation, "Are you hitting what you aim at?" and the readers are called upon to be both witness and jury.

The effectiveness of an advertisement is wholly a question of psychology. It depends on the laws and habits of the human mind whose attention and action is sought, and on the nicety with which it is adapted to those laws and habits.

So Professor Scott, who directs the "psychological laboratory" of Northwestern University, takes hundreds of familiar advertisements into his laboratory and examines them with scientific analysis, as exactly as a chemist would examine blood for germs. To people who never thought of psychology as affording material for a laboratory, the methods of examination to which the advertisements are subjected are an original amusement. To those, also, who have themselves tried to analyze the effectiveness or non-effectiveness of current advertisements, the processes and discoveries of these pages are of unusually lively interest.

Actual advertisements which have appeared in the magazines, and which all have seen, are reproduced—without fear of helping the advertisers along by new publicity. But why should they not be subjects of interesting literary, artistic and psychological criticism? We buy them when we buy a magazine, and look them through

with an interest only secondary to that of the magazine itself. We are unpleasantly affected when they are ugly, pointless and jumbled; we are gratified when they are attractive, simple and stirring. So, among other things, it is a distinct pleasure to see Professor Scott impale some of the advertising horrors that have been on our nerves, and intelligently dissect their absurdity.

"The Theory of Advertising" is, however, not only a book for delightful general reading, it is a careful and instructive treatise. It is a valuable text-book for any advertiser to study—whether he be the artificer of the advertisements or the man who pays for them.

Each chapter presents some scientific principle about the habits and tricks of the human mind, and then applies that principle to successful advertising. With all this evidence before us, it is made clear that the theory of effective advertising rests on scientific mental data, which must be understood by the successful advertiser. That is, the successful advertiser must be a practical psychologist. He may not be able to formulate his system, and he may never have studied in any school. But no matter how he acquired his knowledge of psychology, he must have it at his finger-tips like an instinct, or else he throws away his money in loads.

OPTIMISM. By Helen Keller. Thomas Y. Crowell, New York. \$0.75.

AS a literary production, the little treatise is entitled to respect. Miss Keller's style is straightforward, lucid and dignified. For a young woman just consummating a college education under the most extraordinary disadvantages, she shows no small degree of culture, intelli-

gence and grasp. That there should be a strong personal note in her reflections, is not only natural: it is desirable. Why *she* looks upon the world and finds it good, she who can never behold it with the eyes of the flesh, who can never hear of anything either to its credit or otherwise, save through most devious channels, that is what interests the reader. It is also that which touches his heart.

Listen to this, as a specimen of Miss Keller's style and a creditable example of her way of thinking: "No pessimist ever discovered the secrets of the stars, or sailed to an uncharted land, or opened a new Heaven to the human spirit." Here, too, is her Creed: "If I should try to say anew the creed of the Optimist, I should say something like this: 'I believe in God, I believe in Man, I believe in the power of the spirit, I believe we should so act that we may draw nearer and more near the age when no man shall live at his ease while another suffers.' "

This is a high mark to set for Human Nature as it is displayed in the mass, and when such a Brotherhood of Man is an accomplished fact, the papers will not need to announce that the millennium has come. No wonder Miss Keller has no use for Schopenhauer and Omar Khayyam. "If I regarded my life from the point of view of the Pessimist, I should be undone. I should sit apart in awful solitude, a prey to fear and despair. But since I consider it a duty to myself and to others to be happy, I escape a misery worse than any physical deprivation."

Helen Keller's optimism brands despair as disgrace, and bitter rumination of the hard things in human life as vicious and scandalous weakness. Every one should read this little book, and read it reverently. It may be castigation, but it is improving to the proud spirit of Man.

B. J. B.

Mrs. M'Lerie. By J. J. Bell. *The Century Company, New York.* Price \$1.00.

TWO old women, the Scotch dialect, and enough tea for Dr. Johnson, have the star parts in this story. The leading role is taken by the Scotch dialect, which, wherever one meets it, one

must do it the courtesy of naming a real study. The "hoot-mon" language has been in the fiction way so long that it has become arrogant in its demands upon the attention of the public. It seems always to be saying, "I have rights. I come straight from the great Sir Walter." But even the great Sir Walter did not allow the Scotch dialect to take precedence of the English language or to claim a whole volume as its own. Mrs. M'Lerie is so much Scotch that it may be said to be all Scotch. The publication of such a book is an encouragement to the pretensions of the Scotch dialect, which, as any one with half an eye can see, is working to have itself declared a language, and to be entered in the regular college curriculum.

Book tea is always good, and Mrs. M'Lerie's is no exception to the rule. The two decent old Scotch women of the book, friends and neighbors, are nice, homely dears. They do not mind the presence of the reader. They talk right on before him about their every-day affairs. They discuss their cooking, their dusting, their ailments, their relatives, their husbands, their grandchildren. The author does not try to furnish them up. He does not say to them, "Now you must be quaint," or "Do sit up and be clever." They are quaint of themselves, it would seem, and often he lets them be stupid. This is indeed their chief charm.

Sometimes when one was little and good one was allowed to spend a delighted hour with the cook in the kitchen. It was so clean there and so comfortable. The cook was such a natural person and so easy to understand. If she had a friend in to visit, what a delight it was to listen to their talk. One was very comfortable and happy, and one did not know about going back upstairs again. This agreeable sensation of one's infant days is recalled as one sits in Mrs. M'Lerie's parlor, watching her stuffed birds under their highly-polished glass case, and listening to her and Mrs. Munro talk of their homely affairs. "What a nice, kind world it is," one says to oneself. "How pleasant it is to see two old friends together. And please don't make me move." The Scotch dialect is forgiven.

M. L. S.

FAIRIES ASSASSINATIONS OF HISTORY. By Francis Johnson. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

CONFRONTED by thirty-one famous assassinations in one collection, the reader at first recoils from such a ghastly array; yet these dark, fathomless deeds have always exercised a mysterious fascination over the human mind. In childhood we curdle with delicious horror at Bluebeard and the "Fee-fi-fo-fum" Giants that blood alone will appease. Grown to man's estate this innate lust for the horrible is fed by realism, such as is emblazoned in the startling head-lines of the daily journals: the recording of assassinations, and general barbaric features. Those which are collected in this work embrace a period covering more than twenty-five centuries—from the time of Philip of Macedon, 365 B.C., up to this latest royal tragedy of Alexander and Draga—and are carefully compiled in accordance with the importance of their bearing on national events, and the psychological and historical interest that attaches to them from their far-reaching and unexpected results: pebbles of Destiny hurled at random into the waters of humanity, their ever-widening circles have sometimes unseated monarchs and shaken the foundations of empires.

There is cause for dubious reflection on the part of the historical student,—to whose library this book will form a valuable addition,—when he learns from the author's researches that, despite the vaunted progress of education and civilization, "political assassinations have not become of rarer occurrence during the last fifty years."

A. L.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By Thomas E. Watson. D. Appleton & Company, New York. \$2.50 net.

MR. Watson's Life of Jefferson flaunts established historical models. It is so vital and alert that it defies being pinned down to the estimative yard-stick. And while it is both a product and a method in itself, it seems

somewhat to follow the Carlylean fashion of falling back on documentary evidence where such evidence unquestionably corroborates preconceived ideas and personal convictions,—although, we must hasten to add, "The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson" does not necessarily bristle with the inaccuracies of "The History of the French Revolution." It must also be confessed that Mr. Watson's work is vastly more interesting than much of the product of our modern school of historians impregnated with Teutonic ideals, where fact must remain sternly unphilosophized, and record and evidence must remain untainted with personal equation.

Mr. Watson's work flashes and gleams and twinkles along like a brisk and never resting brook, buoyant, piquant, American, oratorical, but rarely sonorous, seldom gliding profoundly on with the ponderous voluminosity of the greater German historical currents. But we gaze out on life through the glow of Mr. Watson's warmer personality as through,—we are almost tempted to say,—a glass of wine, coloring, softening, sometimes beguiling.

Mr. Watson, above all things, makes an earnest effort to deal fairly with a man to whom historical justice has not always been meted out. Not that our author is "writing back at" the North and openly combating the old-time sectional, New England standpoint. As he declares in his preface: "By far the greater number of books treating of American history and biography have been written by Northern men. Southern men of the Old Régime were not much given to the writing of books, and when the man in New England strode forward, pen in hand, nominated himself custodian of our national archives and began to compile the record, nobody seriously contested the office. This being so, it happened almost inevitably that New England got handsome treatment in our national histories. Tended by the reverential hands of her own sons, her historical graves have been kept very green indeed * * *. But, at the same time, the history of New England is not the history of the whole Union. * * * Without detracting from the one section, I have endeavored to exalt the other.

* * * In other words, my effort has been to make this book national, not sectional."

It is needless to add that Mr. Watson is a devoted, it would be unjust, perhaps, to say a blindly devoted, admirer of Jefferson. Our biographer has little to say in criticism of the great democrat's private and public acts—though he does have a word or so to say about Hamilton, the Anglomaniac, and original "trust-buster," and a word or two, by the way, which must be accepted as an open and vigorous thrust at Mrs. Atherton's semi-historical hero of "The Conqueror." Aaron Burr is defended, President Roosevelt is mildly arraigned, Senator Lodge is censured, and Professor Channing is tilted at, as the narrative goes galloping on in its sweeping, impetuous, breathless way.

A. S.

IN SEARCH OF A SIBERIAN KLONDYKE.
As narrated by Washington B. Vanderlip, the Chief Actor, and Set Forth by Homer B. Hulbert. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. \$2.00 net.

MR. Vanderlip did not discover in Siberia anything approaching a Klondyke. In fact he frankly admits that his search was a failure. But he did find material for one of the best travel stories of the season, and Mr. Hulbert has made the best of it. The story takes us through Northern Siberia and Kamchatka and among people of whom we previously had read very little. Mr. Vanderlip found most of the natives hospitable, sometimes even cordial; but this in some cases was due to his nationality. The Tchukches, for example, are very hostile toward Russians, and even Harry De Windt, it will be remembered, was captured by them and forced to endure great hardships; but Mr. Vanderlip was well received and well treated. He did make one mistake when he saved the life of an old Tchukchee woman who was near death's door as the result of gripple, and thought he was doing her husband a great favor; but the old man had his eye

on a young woman for his next wife and did not appreciate the traveller's medical skill. Mr. Vanderlip places the Russian in a somewhat more favorable light than that in which we usually see him. This particularly applies to the prison systems and the way in which they are conducted. While he passed through many hardships and had narrow escapes from death his story is all in a cheerful vein, thoroughly amusing from beginning to end.

F. L. W.

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS. By Howard Pyle. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50 net.

ALL that can be praised about Howard Pyle's new book is the pictures. If "Le Morte D'Arthur" is too strong reading for our boys, we had much better give them Sidney Lanier's reverent and excellent cut edition of Malory's great epic than such milk and water as this. Mr. Pyle's style as archaic English is egregious, and as English of any sort it is disappointing; always having been subtly irritating at times, it lacks now much of the charm it used at other times to have; and compared with its great original it sinks to insignificance. Hear Pyle: "That seat is called the Seat Perilous, for no man but one in all this world shall sit therein, and that man is not yet born upon the earth, and if any other man shall dare to sit therein, that man shall either suffer death or a sudden and terrible misfortune for his temerity. Wherefore that seat is called The Seat Perilous." Now hear Sir Thomas Malory: "But in the Siege Perilous there shall no man sit therein but one, and if there be any so hardy to do it he shall be destroyed, and he that shall sit there shall have no fellow."

"This hath the relish of eternity"—

it was written, as John Addington Symonds rejoices, before "the laws of a too scrupulous grammar," and perhaps it is unkind to judge Mr. Pyle by those laws.

After all Mr. Pyle shows his love of the best in literature by his choice of subject: nobody will suspect that he meant to wrong Malory; and perhaps boy readers are lucky to learn about King Arthur and his knights in any fashion.

The pictures, being Howard Pyle's, are of course good. The woodeny effect of some of them is intentional; and if they have not the youthful freshness of the artist's earlier and most charming work, they have the solidity of his vast experience, and in a few cases even, do compare with the immortal pictures of "Robin Hood" and of "Otto of the Silver Hand."

L. H.

THE SHIP OF STATE. *By Those at the Helm.* Ginn & Co., Boston. \$1.00, net.

ALTHOUGH these twelve comprehensive articles,—written by representative men who have held the highest official positions under our form of Government,—are addressed to the younger generation from whose ranks will arise the future dignitaries of our land, yet the larger-growth children may well profit by the instructive matter so simply conveyed. Each chapter succinctly embodies the essential working-details and duties of the particular department which is therein treated.

In view of the fact that President Roosevelt's chapter is part of an article that was written for "The Youth's Companion," in 1900, while he yet served the nation in but humble capacity, comparatively, it now affords an excellent opportunity to compare theory with practice. Too often optimistic muscular theory subsides into pessimistic flabbiness when subjected to the test of working principles; but, in this case, the fibre of expressed standards has remained consistent.

Such names as Thomas B. Reed, John D. Long, and John K. Richards sufficiently indicate the authoritative significance of these educational essays, that are well illustrated by accompanying photographs.

A. L.

UNDER THE JACK-STAFF. *By Chester Bailey Fernald.* The Century Company, New York. \$1.25.

HERE is a truly refreshing collection of short stories. While it is safe to pick up the volume and read any story with the expectation that it will be amusing, few readers will do this, for the stories are too good; they will not keep, and no one who reads one will be satisfied until he reads all of them. The two jolly tars, Sudden Lannigan and Clarence O'Shay, are as entertaining a pair as we have met for many a day, and the stories of their adventures as related in "Sud's" own delicious style are exceedingly entertaining. Most of them are bubbling over with the real Irish wit, and there is no Irish wit like that which comes from an Irish sailor. "Sud" is full of it; he is also romantic and his "wonderful way with women" results in some surprising love affairs, never very serious; but always exciting while they last—usually not long. Clarence, too, has some interesting experiences with the fair sex. A very pathetic tale is that of the blind man, "Help from the Helpless," which in its pathos, is in striking contrast with the merry adventures of the two sailor lads. There is also a touch of tragedy in one or two of the stories; but they are intended chiefly to amuse, and they will succeed. The variety, however, shows the marked versatility of the author as well as his power to write a good story.

B. T. F.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE. *By Paul Du Chaillu.* Illustrated by Victor Perard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50, net.

PAUL Du Chaillu's last work is one worthy of the author, and will stand as one of the best stories of adventure ever written. It is not a scientific report of investigations, as many of his previous works have been; but a bright, lively story of adventure, which, while primarily for young people, will prove no less interesting to those of older growth. The truth of the narrative is not

to be questioned, as was the case when he published his "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa" in 1861. His second expedition, of which he told in "A Journey to Ashango Land," in 1867, placed his work above suspicion, and since then we have had only to read, enjoy and profit by his writings. One surprising part of the new volume is the fact that, although he had written so much about Africa, he found something new to tell about the wild regions and the people who inhabit them. The journey was undertaken for the purpose of securing new specimens of birds and animals; but little space is devoted to this phase of the story. The manners and customs of the wild tribes, who feared Mr. Du Chaillu because they believed him a spirit, are described in the author's customary attractive style. Although he visited and wrote about many countries, his early triumphs were scored in Africa, and, indeed, his fame rests upon his work there, so it is fitting that his last volume should relate to the scenes with which his name always will be connected.

F. L. W.

THE LIFE RADIANT. By *Lilian Whiting*.
Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.00
net.

AFTER reading this book we may well believe the tale that is told in Boston of the naming of Miss Whiting's first, "The World Beautiful"—that she wished to call it *Le Beau Monde*, but was restrained. This book shows about as much comprehension of the English language as that French title showed of the French. The book is a medley of vague and indefinite sentences which have no particular meaning, a hodge-podge of correct and incorrect quotation and reference, a jumble of incorrect scientific knowledge and modern mysticism, and the outcome of it all is the platitude "be good and you will be happy." Most devotional books, naturally, have this as a result, but some of them are worth reading for their beauty of thought and expression. "The Life

The Beaten Path

"Radiant" has no thought to speak of, and its expression is well nigh illiterate. Every page eradiates (the author is very fond of this word) with inaccuracies and infelicities. The first sentence in the book reads: "The Life Radiant is that transfiguration of the ordinary daily events and circumstances which lifts them to the spiritual plane and sees them as the signs and the indications of the divine leading." The second, splitting the infinitive of course, reads: "Every circumstance thus becomes a part of the revelation; and to constantly live in this illuminated atmosphere is to invest all experience with a kind of magical enchantment." The third reads: "Life prefigures itself before us as a spiritual drama in which we are, at once, the actors and the spectators." The fourth: "The story of living goes on perpetually." The fifth: "The days and years inevitably turn the pages and open new chapters." The last sentence in the book reads: "We are ascending the Mount of Vision and the soul looketh steadily onward, discerning the beauty of holiness, in whose transfiguration gleams the fairest ideal revealed to humanity,—even the Life Radiant." All that comes between these remarkably inconsequent phrases is of the same sort—" * * * " signifying nothing."

H. C.

THE BEATEN PATH. By *Richard Lawrence Makin*. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

IT would not be difficult to exaggerate the merits of a novel written with such artistic sincerity as the author of "The Beaten Path" shows. The distaste created by the ordinary novel of commerce prompts excess of adjectival fervor when a decent opportunity arises. As a matter of fact, Mr. Makin has chosen a rather larger canvas than he yet has the power to fill. The consequence is that in the conduct of his plot he leaves more than one loose end, while his characters by their very multiplicity become at times vague and indistinct. Furthermore, the book is very long according to contem-

porary notions, though not longer than the usual English novel of a generation ago. Its length, indeed, is not a demerit; too many novels of the day lose by their brevity; for a serious study of social conditions implies ample room for details. Mr. Makin's failure, so far as he has failed, is in lack of skill in handling the details. Yet, making all deductions, "The Beaten Path" interests and arouses the thoughtful reader. It involves in its course an emotional tragedy, although its atmosphere can hardly be described as sombre. Briefly, the story revolves around a woman married to a man whom she does not love, and who in his turn pursues strange goddesses. Into her life there comes "the other man." The end is self-sacrifice on both sides. Around these are grouped a large number of well-drawn characters both in high and low life; the chief fault to be found with them is that their conduct is not always quite in harmony with the nature which their creator apparently means to bestow upon them. Nevertheless, the itinerant preacher, the High Church rector, the political reformer and the artist are all well drawn. "The Beaten Path" is one of the few recent novels which may confidently be commended to intelligent readers.

E. F.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM I AND BISMARCK WITH OTHER LETTERS TO AND FROM PRINCE BISMARCK. Translated by J. A. Ford. Two volumes. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$4.00, net.

ONE gets a rather more favorable opinion of the sovereign from these letters. They abound in and are even burdened with expressions of piety and of affection for and thanks to Bismarck; yet when the minister makes complaint of some rival minister his royal master's reply is most diplomatic and shrewd. His statement of the reasons for retaining Count Usedom, for example, seems to leave Bismarck *hors du combat*. Possibly the present Kaiser is not so badly wrong as we have thought in wishing his grandfather known as

"William the Great." On the other hand, Bismarck's letters will hardly add to his reputation. They show him to be an almost continual fault-finder and complainer. One is surprised indeed to learn how tender was his health, how his wife had to "baby" him and how any suggestion of interference from outside or breath of royal disfavor brought him to physical collapse. One of these letters in '68, offering to resign is really pathetic in tone, although dignified in statement. There are a few sharp ones as when the King charges Bismarck with inspiring an attack in a newspaper on a royal appointment. There are also some important revelations as that in 1875 the Emperor and Victoria were in secret correspondence, while their ministers were sparring and talking war. The second volume containing Bismarck's other letters is interesting but hardly necessary. The index is badly done.

F. B. T.

PRESENT-DAY EGYPT. By Frederic Courtland Penfield. The Century Company, New York. \$2.50.

M R. Penfield compares his work with a mosaic which he saw made in Venice, and his comparison is a good one, for he takes many colors and shapes of affairs in modern Egypt, and from them fashions a very brilliant and valuable volume, wonderfully interesting and conveying information in a smooth, flowing style that is enjoyed by all who read it. There is a fascination in the unchangeable features of the Nile region and Mr. Penfield has transferred it to type. The volume is not intended to enlighten the Egyptologist or the antiquarian, for this field already has been fully exploited; nor is it a mere superficial story of a traveller; but it reveals a real knowledge of conditions in mysterious Egypt, and gives a lucid outline of them that is very rare in works of this kind. This is specially noticeable in the chapter upon the paradoxical administration,—always considered a very complex situation,—which he makes all clear. There is also, in brief, one of the best

histories of the Suez canal negotiations, construction and operation that we have ever seen. The development of irrigation and the damming of the Nile, the most recent of great public works, is the subject of an entertaining article which explains just what has been done and what it all means. The Khedive, himself, gives the book the stamp of his approval; doubtless appreciating the kind words in the chapter devoted to him; but one would think he might resent the statement that Egypt is not capable of complete self-government. The author, however, supports his assertion with a sound argument, and few will disagree with him on this point or will contest his view that no other nation should be permitted to supplant England as administrator or "occupier." Referring to recent reports that the Sphinx is crumbling he assures us that there is no cause for alarm, and predicts that the Sphinx will be at Gizeh when the crack of doom is sounded. If one cannot go to Egypt the next best thing is to read this book, and if he can go he certainly should read it, for it will greatly enhance the value of his experience and increase his pleasure.

F. L. W.

LETTERS FROM A CHINESE OFFICIAL. *Being an Eastern View of Western Civilization.* McClure, Phillips & Co. \$50, net.

ANENT these "Letters" we hazard a conjecture,—founded on intuition alone, and therefore open to contradiction,—that this remarkable little volume was *not* written, as it purports to be, by any one of the nationality the title may indicate: probably by some American or English diplomat of international experience who, perhaps in consulate capacity, has become thoroughly intimate with the Chinese nation as a racial product and an exponent of Confucianism. That the author has drunk deep at informative sources, if not at the fountain-head of mother-milk, is obvious. Hence, even if the conjecture be a correct one, the fact does not necessarily impair the

potentiality of this strong, impartial plea for the unrestricted right of the Chinese nation to preserve its ideals, its political and social institutions, intact from the foreign innovations that are being thrust upon it. All such imposition of, so-called, civilized conditions has been uninvited and resented by them because they firmly believe the results will entail a deterioration of moral and ethical standards for their nation. Judged by its fruits, maintains this writer, Confucianism is a beneficent influence that tends to stability and moral order; and conduces to a type superior both morally and physically; for though merely an ethical system, it is not teaching simply, but a life and the exponent of the ideal of work.

Reviewing the relations of the Chinese nation with the British nation during the last sixty years, the speaker voices his righteous indignation and sense of overwhelming injustice with such eloquence, and such sincere, convincing arguments that the probability of our prefatory conjecture becomes more and more doubtful; the plaint thrills with the spirit of outraged patriotism,—such as sends men to battle for their nation's rights, heroic in their divine purpose of protecting their altars and their firesides. Adequate unto themselves politically and economically, they have sought no trade relations with foreign nations; but, when forced upon them, they have accepted these relations with tolerance so long as they were not disturbed socially and politically. Thus this "Chinese Official" with apparent logic and moderation, and much beauty and force of diction, arraigns nation against nation, in their different viewpoints, with such skill that any lurking sophistry is ignored by the sympathetic reader, even to the verge of utter responsiveness to his trend of belief favoring the Chinese attitude.

And, having read, we end by believing, in all humility, that, after all, we are not so superior as we had thought ourselves to these people who have antedated us by so many cycles, and who still have leisure to turn their gaze "up to the eternal stars."

A. L.

